THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PARTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

In the mellow light I sit,
Idly disregarding it,
Idly rocking to and fro,
As the shadows come and go,
Asking, vainly asking why
Fate has parted you and I?

Ah, why is it? there are few
Half so genial, half so true,
Half so near allied as we,
Yet an unkind Destiny
Rears her cruel barriers high—
Fate has parted you and I!

Not for us the dreamy bliss,
Yearning smile, or thrilling kiss;
Not for us the tender tears,
Born of blessed hopes and fears,
Sad and slow the days go by,
Fate has parted you and I!

Were our paths together laid,
We had threaded undismayed,
Valley deep, and mountain-pass,
But alas! alas! alas!
Down divided hills they lie,
Fate has parted you and I!

Is it, darling, is it sin
Just to think what might have been?
To unveil my eyes and see
What can never, never be?
As I clasp my hands and cry,
Fated has parted you and I!

Great this sudden sorrow is,
And through our infirmities,
We forget that tears of pain
Blossom into smiles again,
That our souls to purify,
Fate has parted you and I!

Yet, oh yet, beloved, will time
Teach us golden truths sublime;
And beyond this dark eclipse,
Shall our uncomplaining lips
Say, submissive, by-and-by,
Fate has parted you and I!

Macon, Mich.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEADLY QUARREL.

The voyage of our adventurers down the Ohio river, was to some of them comparatively pleasant and to others quite the reverse. The scouts took charge of the boats so far as to direct their movements. At night they generally drew near the Kentucky shore and anchored in still water, but no one except an experienced woodsman was permitted to land. Their progress was necessarily slow, but safety rather than speed was the object of those in command.

It could not be otherwise than that the acquaintance of Henry and Isaline, begun and continued under the circumstances we have mentioned, should ripen into intimacy far more speedily than would have been the case in an ordinary state of affairs. There was something congenial in their natures; both were young, educated and refined; to both the world was full of beauty, poetry and romance; they were bound together by general interests and general perils; and there was an absence of that restraint imposed by formal society and the cold, watchful care of calculating guardians. Thus thrown together, with many an hour for uninterrupted conversation, a few days brought them into a knowledge of each other which months might not have effected under the usual conditions of conventional society.

Of the two, however, it may not be amiss to say that Henry was the most direct, earnest, single-minded and sincere. We have before remarked that, though not at *heart* a coquette, there was a certain want of steady balance in the nature of Isaline that permitted a strong leaning that way—an insecurity of youth and general love of admiration that inclined her ear to what a sounder or perhaps a more mature judgment would have rejected. She was disposed to rejoice in an extreme admiration rising almost to the strength of a passion, for which she had no adequate reciprocity of feeling; and while she was one to exact all and wholly the love of him to whom she was most inclined, she was ready to claim the right of dividing her own affections among as many as her caprice might choose. Thus far she had never met another who had made on her so profound an impression, had so completely filled the void of her soul, as the young roving hunter and artist; and yet her manner was such as to give his handsome rival, against whom the instincts of her nature secretly revolted, almost as much encouragement as himself.

Of course there was no friendship, nor even *show* of friendship, between two such opposite natures, brought together under such circumstances, as Charles Hampton and Henry Colburn. They had been formally introduced to each other by Isaline, who had playfully remarked, that, as she regarded both as her lawful protectors and defenders, she hoped they would henceforth be companions and friends. Both had bowed civilly but coldly, had exchanged a few common-place remarks, and had scarcely spoken since. Being both on the same boat, and coming in contact with the same lady, they had often been compelled to meet; but either a cold, haughty bow, or a studied disregard of the presence of the other, had invariably been the result. Of course Isaline had not failed to perceive this mutual dislike; but she had apparently taken no notice of it, dividing her attentions between the two as if she had thought them the best of friends. Hampton, however, had gradually become moody, discontented and peevish. He was not popular among the passengers and crew, and he knew it. Though no further words had passed between him and Rough Tom, the latter had not failed to express his opinion of him in the most contemptuous language; and among his companions and men of that class, the opinions of the old woodsman always carried a good deal of weight.

Such was the state of affairs, when, on a calm, pleasant day, as the three boats were quietly floating down the river—the one containing the passengers a few feet in advance of the others—a large bird, of very bright, many-colored plumage, came flying over the foremost, on its way from the Ohio to the Kentucky shore.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Isaline, who, with many others, including Hampton and Colburn, was standing on the deck: "how I wish its bright feathers were mine!"

"And so they shall be!" said Hampton, catching up his silver-mounted rifle, which was leaning against a box within a few feet of his hand, and firing with a quick aim.

Apparently the bird was either slightly touched or sensibly felt the wind of the ball—for it made a quick dart downward, of some fifty feet, and then seemed to increase its speed in the same horizontal direction as before.

"A miss is as good as a mile!" said Isaline, turning playfully to Hampton.

As she spoke, there was another sharp crack—this time from the rifle of Henry, who had seized his weapon and fired with as quick an aim as the other—and the gay bird, checked suddenly in its flight by the swift messenger of death, dropped lead-like down upon the water. There was a light skiff fastened to the boat, and in less than a minute the lithe form of young Colburn was seen standing in this and using the paddle with the grace and skill of a French *voyageur*. Gliding round his prize, he seized and held it up in triumph, amid the plaudits of the spectators, and almost the next minute he was back again upon the deck and at the side of the flattered beauty.

"Permit me the honor, fair lady," he said, in a gay tone, "of laying my beautiful trophy at your feet!"

Before Isaline could reply, Charles Hampton stepped quickly forward, with a pale face, burning eye, and quivering lip, and in a marked and sneering tone, said:

"A questionable trophy, Miss Holcombe! since, as you are aware, it was only obtained by *robbing* another of his right!"

Henry flushed to the temples, and his clear blue eye had a peculiar gleam, as he rejoined:

"Miss Holcombe and all others will bear me witness, that I only robbed the bird of a life it was bearing away unharmed from the bullet of an uncertain marksman!"

"It is false!" cried Hampton; "it was my ball alone that killed the bird!"

"It requires a wonderful conceit to think so!" said Colburn.

"It requires only the *truth*, to which you are a stranger!" retorted Hampton, quivering with suppressed passion.

"Sir," said the young artist, advancing to his rival and speaking in a low, determined tone, "these are insults only to be borne in the presence of ladies!"

"Which I will repeat when there are no such reasons for a lack of manhood!" rejoined Hampton, with an expression that might well have become a fiend.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said Isaline, beginning to grow alarmed, "there must be no quarreling here! Already I regret the expression of a wish which has given an occasion for angry words!"

"The angels above are not more innocent of any wrong intent than yourself," said Henry, "and for one I am heartily ashamed of what has passed in your presence! That the like may not be repeated or continued, permit me to withdraw for the present!" and with a low bow he turned on his heel and went below.

"And are you not ashamed of yourself too?" said Isaline, turning to Hampton.

"No! why should I be?"

"Because it was all your fault."

"How so?"

"You claimed that which was not your own."

"I deny it, Miss Holcombe! That bird was mine—I killed it."

"Why did it not fall then before Mr. Colburn fired?"

"It is a common thing, when the breath is in, for a bird, shot directly through the heart, to fly some considerable distance, and then fall dead," replied Hampton. "If my ball did not strike it, why did it so suddenly drop downward on the discharge of my piece?"

"Possibly you may have hit it, Mr. Hampton!"

"Possibly I may have killed it, Miss Holcombe!"

"And even granting you did, was it becoming for a gentleman to have so many angry words about it?"

"It is always right for a gentleman to claim his own, and not suffer himself to be robbed by a mere adventurer!"

"I hold, sir, that you are to blame!"

"Of course you do! I could not expect any other verdict from you, considering in whose favor it is made!" said Hampton, with a covert sneer.

"You forget yourself, sir!" said Isaline, proudly and coldly, with the color mounting to her temples; and turning abruptly away, she walked to another part of the boat, leaving the angry Hampton alone with his own dark thoughts.

This affair caused some excited discussion among the passengers—a few, if only for the sake of obstinate argument, contending that Hampton was right—but neither he, Colburn, nor Isaline, exchanged another word through the day.

At sunset the three boats were anchored as usual near the Kentucky shore, in a pleasant little cove, where, on the lower headland, the shore descended abruptly, with trees and bushes overhanging the water, while on the upper bank, as if by some peculiar freak of nature, an open, level wood stretched back for some considerable distance. The sun set in a cloud, which soon spread a thick pall over the heavens, and the night became so intensely dark that the shore was completely hidden from the view; but as no Indians, nor signs of Indians had thus far been discovered, no one felt much alarm on this account; and if the occasional howl of a hungry wolf, or gloomy hooting of an owl, or sharp, tremulous cry of a loon, did sometimes make the more timid quite nervous and uneasy, the majority gave little heed to sounds that they knew as much belonged to the wilderness as the trees of the forest.

The boat occupied by our voyagers had been constructed with a view to the accommodation of passengers. In its general appearance it was not unlike a modern scow. The middle portion of it was roofed over, and the interior was contrived with stationary and hanging berths, sufficient for the lodging of the women and children—the men, for the most part, preferring to camp down in their blankets wherever the fancy pleased them. A regular watch was set every night, and such precautions taken as were considered necessary and prudent in passing through the country of a savage enemy. One of the rules laid down by the scouts was, that no one, except an experienced woodsman or some one especially under his charge, should be permitted to land on either shore, either in the day time or night time; and this regulation being regarded as one which concerned the safety of all, no one made the least objection to the imposed restraint; and therefore all the cooking for the different parties was done on board, and the boat became as much a home to the adventurers as they would have found in a larger vessel upon the great deep.

The evening meal had been prepared and eaten by the different families and messes, and the women and children had mostly retired for the night, when Charles Hampton, who was seated in the forward part of the boat, brooding over his fancied wrongs, received a gentle tap on the shoulder. He started quickly, looked round fiercely, and confronted the shadowy figure of a man standing in a skiff along side of the larger craft, but whose approach he had not heard.

"Hush!" whispered a voice; "don't be alarmed! but tell me if you're Charles Hampton?"

Hampton rose, stepped back a pace, laid his hand upon a pistol, and answered, but in a whisper also:

"I am! And now who are you? and what do you want?"

"I'm Jim Davis, one of the scouts, and the friend of Henry Colburn."

"Well?"

"I'd like you to pick your friend and rifle, and come along with me!"

"Where to? and for what purpose?"

"Where you can try your skill on a man instead of a bird!"

"Oh, I am challenged then?"

"You're expected to fight. But don't let anybody hear us talk about it—for, if the women get hold on't, there'll be the deuce to pay!"

"I don't understand this backwoods way of doing business!" said Hampton, in a loud tone, as if he was willing, if not anxious, to have other listeners. "In my country a man is openly challenged, and his reply waited for, and he is not asked to sneak off in the dark, the Lord knows where; and besides, if his challenger is not his equal, he is at liberty to refuse a meeting altogether; and moreover he can, if he accepts, choose his time, place and weapons, and not have everything picked out for him by his enemy."

"Well," returned the other, "I don't pretend of course to know what every man means who talks in this here roundabout way; but I reckon I won't be a great ways from the mark if I puts you down as one of them that's much better at fighting with your tongue nor your rifle—a squaw-man, as the injuns say."

"What means this insolence?"

"Oh, if you're going to bluster, say so! and if you're a-going to fight, say so! for I can do a heap better with my time nor fool it away with you!"

"I'm willing and ready, at any and all times, to fight an equal," said Hampton, assuming a proud, haughty tone; "but as for giving every upstart and adventurer a meeting, that is out of the question!"

"I can't say how it is in England," rejoined Davis, "but out here, in the wilds of *free* America, every man's the equal of every other man, till he does so'thing to disgrace himself, as you're doing now, if you don't just come along and give the man you insulted satisfaction."

"Let him first convince me he is a gentleman, and then he shall have satisfaction in any manner he pleases!"

"I'm to understand then that you won't fight Henry Colburn?"

"Under present circumstances, no!"

"Then I'll go back and report what you've said," returned Davis.

The next moment the little boat shot away in the darkness, with so light a dip of the oar that it was scarcely heard. Thirty paces carried it to one of the other large boats, where Henry Colburn and his companions were awaiting the return of their messenger.

"He's a coward and won't fight!" reported Davis, as he appeared among his friends.

"I thought as much," said Henry.

"The —— finiky slink!" growled Rough Tom, with an oath we need not repeat.

"What's his reason for refusing?" inquired one of the others.

"He puts on that he's a gentleman, and says Harry must prove himself one before he'll give him satisfaction!" replied Davis, who, though not a man of education, was superior to some of his companions in the use of language.

"Woofh!" grunted old Tom; "he's a gintleman, is he? I'll fix him! We've got hosses aboard the to'ther boat, that keep the niggers busy. They'd like a lettle rest, I know. We'll guv 'em help—we'll send 'em a fresh hand. Ef Mr. Lord Hampton's a gintleman, he'll know what hosses is; and ef he backs down from this yere fight, we'll put him thar, under the niggers, and let him work his passage."

"One or two of the horses are his own," said Henry.

"All the better then."

"But you can hardly carry out your threat, Tom."

"Can't I? Let me alone for that! Jest you go back, Jim Davis, and tell him what we've fixed on—that he's eyther got to fight Harry Colburn to-night, by fire-light—fa'r, squar', and stand up, with rifles—or else we'll turn him into a nigger hostler! Woofh! I've said it!—*me*—old Rough Tom—and whar's the use?"

"I'll not be long in fetching his answer," said Davis, who immediately departed on his errand.

In about a quarter of an hour he returned, accompanied by Charles Hampton himself. As the latter came aboard the freight-boat, and joined the group of men who were seated around a small fire kindled on some sand near the bow, it was observed that his dark features were deathly pale, that his lips were so compressed as to drive the blood from them, and that his black, snaky eyes had a very wicked, murderous look.

"I have come here," he said, in a cold, haughty tone, "almost on compulsion, to answer any demands that may be made on me. I know I have no friends among you, and that physically I am unable to resist your power; but, in the name of civilization, I demand fair play and the rights of a gentleman!"

There never was a class of rough men more favorably disposed to the justice of such a claim than the early pioneers of the West. Fair play was all they asked for themselves, and what they were always ready to grant even to an enemy. Whether he knew it or not, Charles Hampton had luckily chosen a manner and selected words the best calculated to excite the sympathy and touch the manhood of men whose admiration of true courage was only equaled by their detestation of cowardice; and though, on his first appearance among them, they had regarded him with scowls of angry contempt, they now, one and all, even to Rough Tom, felt disposed to accord him a certain degree of respect.

"By heavens," replied Davis, "I'll see you have fair play as far as I'm concerned!"

"And so we all will!" cried another.

"Yes, young man, I'll sw'ar to 't, even ef you is a lord, or any other —— foolish finiky—anything in fact 'cept the cussed, sneaking slink I tuk you for!" joined in old Tom. "You shall hev a good rifle, ef I even has to lend you mine, and good ground too, and a fa'r show; and arter you're killed, as I spect you will be, we'll see that you're put under ground like a Christian, and not left lying around loose for the wolves and buzzards to feed on!"

"I am much obliged to you," returned Hampton, with a covert sneer; "but if it is all the same to you, I would rather not be buried just yet; and as for your rifle, I should not need it, even were I to use one, seeing that I have one quite as good of my own. I do not expect this affair to be settled with rifles, however. I am the challenged party, and as such, by the code of honor, have a right to name the weapons, time and place. Mr. Davis, as you have so kindly volunteered to see fair play, I call on you to act as my second!"

"Hold up!" interposed Tom. "Thar's agwine to be fa'r play, fur that I've swore to; and to hev fa'r play, thar's got to be rifles!"

"I shall choose pistols," said Hampton.

"Pistols? bah! woofh! wagh!" cried Tom, with all the contempt he could express. "Whar's the use? As well say pop-guns to once!"

"They are gentlemen's weapons," rejoined Hampton, "and I am a gentleman. Mr. Davis, as my friend in this matter, you will speak for me!"

"See he-yar," roared Tom, with a burst of anger, "don't come any of your —— follumdicum-fiddle-de-diddles over me, about your gintlemen, pistols and them things! Whar's the use? You're on old Kaintuck waters now, you insulted your man thar, and you've got to take Kaintuck rigelations! Boys, see he-yar!" pursued Tom, more particularly addressing his companions; "what war all this yere rumpus about, hey? I'll tell ye. Both of these yere young fellers shot at a bird, and both claimed they killed it. Then one insulted t'other afore the women, for which he's axed to fight. Ef both is sich good shots with the rifle, why don't they let the rifle settle it, hey? It's a Kaintuck we'pon, it's a Varginee we'pon, it's a backwoods we'pon, and, by ——, it's good enough for any thing as wears ha'r!"

This argument settled the point; for all agreed with the old scout, that the rifle was the only proper weapon for the occasion—more especially as the quarrel was directly connected with the use of it. The next two points to be considered, were time and place; and for various reasons it was decided there was no better time than the present, and no better place than the neighboring forest, beyond the hearing of the women.

"As I'm to have no voice in the matter, notwithstanding all your boasted fair play," said Hampton, "I may as well prepare myself to be *murdered* in an *honorable* way!"

"You'll hev to take your chance," answered Rough Tom; "and ef you're as good with the rifle as you brag on, I spect thar'll be two dead men for us to kiver; but arter the insult you gin Harry Colburn, thar's nothing to be done cept fight him, beg his pardine afore the women, or git kicked into a nigger hostler—you kin hev your choice of them thar three!"

"Lead on then!" rejoined Hampton; "for sooner than ask the pardon of an upstart adventurer like him, I would see myself sunk a thousand fathoms in the bowels of the earth!"

Henry was within hearing of all this, but he made no reply, though his lips were observed to compress, and there was a peculiar gleam of his deep blue eye that boded no good to his deadly foe.

Every thing was soon prepared for the fire-light duel, and the several parties went ashore in three small boats, leaving only two men in charge of the three larger ones—all the others, including the boys and the negroes, having camped down for the night. Landing on the level—where the wood, as before mentioned, was open and clear of bushes—they pushed directly back for nearly half a mile; and then, with some resinous pine-knots which they had brought with them, they kindled two fires, about thirty yards apart. Some distance back of these, just so that their figures began to grow shadowy, with the smoking, wavering flames between them, they stationed Hampton and Colburn. The object of such an arrangement will readily be perceived. Both of the young men were quick and deadly marksmen; and a duel by daylight, with rifles, would give neither a chance for his life; but the flickering fire-light would be likely to render the momentary aim of each uncertain.

All the preliminaries having been settled, the principals duly placed, and the rifles loaded and put in hand, the seconds retired a few paces, and Davis announced that he was to give the word.

The scene was novel, picturesque and impressive. Here, under one of the long arches of the grand old forest, with trees of many centuries' growth around them stretching upward their huge trunks like so many mighty pillars for the support of the leafy canopy above, stood two men, rifles in hand, prepared to deal out death and receive it, with two flickering fire-lights between them, casting grim, ghostly, changing shadows over their pale, determined faces, seemingly making them scowl and grin like demons, and flashing out upon the seconds and the group of borderers standing back watching them, and pushing uncertain light far out into the mysterious darkness, filling the fanciful mind with a weird-like dread and awe. There were a few moments of deathly silence, during which each felt the deep solemnity of the place and the occasion; and then the clear words rung sharply out, and went echoing and re-echoing far away through the long, dim and dark forest aisles, like so many voices calling to judgment:

"Ready, gentlemen!"

Were they ready for eternity?

The rifles of the two deadly adversaries were instantly brought into position for the awful work before them, and each man held his breath, listening for the signal which might send one or two living souls beyond the confines of earth and time.

At that awful moment, instead of the expected signal, the whole forest seemed to resound with a strange, wild, shrill, prolonged, quavering shriek, that apparently rose from earth to heaven, and floated, danced and died out in mid air. It was fearful and unearthly, and was well calculated to make the stoutest heart quake and quail. The scouts looked at each other with faces blanched with terror. They who could brave the dangers of the wilderness like heroes, and face death like stoics, trembled and grew pale before the mystery that stretched out beyond their mental grasp.

"Good God, save us!" cried old Tom; "it's eyther the Phantom or the Devil!"

He turned and dashed away through the forest, and the others followed him, all save Hampton and Colburn, who still remained on the ground where their seconds had placed them.

A devilish gleam of triumph now shot over the dark features of Hampton, amid the fiendish shadows of the fire-light, as he beheld his rival apparently in his power.

"I came to kill him and I will!" he muttered.

He raised his rifle, took a steady aim, and fired. At that instant Henry chanced to move his head and the ball grazed his cheek.

"Villain!" he cried; "it is my turn now!"

But Hampton gave him no opportunity for a shot. Finding he had himself failed to bring down his enemy, he darted behind the nearest tree, and fled swiftly through the forest, and into that darkness to which his vile spirit belonged.

What was it that followed him? As he fled, Henry saw some dark object, in size and form not unlike a human being, leap down from a tree near him and dart away after him, uttering a wild shriek, similar to that which had so terrified his companions. The next minute he heard the yell of Hampton, succeeded by the shriek of his mysterious pursuer. These sounds were several times repeated, and gradually died away in the far distance; and then Henry found himself all alone in the deep, gloomy forest, with the two flickering fire-lights causing strange, fantastic shadows to dance all around him. A feeling of awe and dread now took possession of him, and he also turned and fled from the eventful scene.

CHAPTER V.

THE DECOY.

When Henry reached the bank of the river, he found, to his surprise and somewhat to his dismay, that he was not at the place where he had come ashore; but whether he was now above or below the proper point, he could not tell, till he chanced to recollect the close-wooded hill on the other head-land, and then he knew he had gone up the stream instead of down. As we have said, the night was very dark; and while within the forest where nothing could be seen, it was so much more a matter of chance than calculation which had brought him to the river at all, that he felt very thankful to find he had not gone further astray and become completely lost. He immediately set out to pick his way downward along the bank; and though he made what haste he could, it took him a full hour to reach the place of landing. No boat of course was there, for his really frightened companions had hurried aboard the larger boats with them, and were now congratulating themselves that they had escaped with their lives from the dreadful Unknown of the forest.

"Halloo the boat!" shouted Henry.

"Who's thar?" was the response of Tom.

"It is me—Henry Colburn."

"Sure it's you?"

"Yes."

"Alive?"

"Yes."

"Don't believe a —— word on't! You're only the ghost of yourself!"

"Don't be a fool, Tom! but come ashore here with a boat, and I'll soon convince you I'm worth a thousand ghosts!" cried Henry, half amused and half vexed at the superstitious fears of one of the bravest scouts and hunters of the borders.

"It sounds powerful like him," he heard Tom say to one of his companions, "and I've a notion to risk it."

"Come, come, Tom, if you are afraid of me, it is time you were leaving the wilderness for some finiky settlement, as you call it!" cried Henry.

"Hold on them!" returned the old woodsman; "I'll be with you in a jiffy."

The dip of an oar was now heard, and a minute after the bow of a small skiff touched the shore. Henry had been so long accustomed to the awful darkness of the woods, that he was barely able to see it floating up to the bank, like an indistinct shadow, and he hastened to meet it.

"Is it you, Tom?" he queried, as he stepped into it.

"Spect it ar," replied that worthy, "though I've been so infarnally skeered, that I hardly know myself from a pine stump. Woofh! warn't that shriek orful? I thought we war all goners then, sure! and when we got here, and didn't find you amongst us, we allowed the Demon had got you. How'd'ye git off, Harry?"

"It was fearful," returned Henry, shuddering at the thought of all he had heard, seen and passed through, "and when I get aboard the larger boat I will tell you all about it."

His companions greeted him as one just rescued from a fate worse than death, and a dozen eager questions were pressed upon him in a breath. He related all that had occurred after they left him, up to the time of his rejoining them. Great was their indignation at the murderous attempt of Hampton, and equally great was their satisfaction at the thought that the Devil now had him, for he had not yet returned and no one now believed he ever would.

"Spect it war him all the time as the Devil war arter!" muttered Tom; "and ef he's got him, as I spect he has, it'll maybe keep us from doing a leetle private hanging—the lying, cowardly, slinking white nigger!"

Some two hours were spent in talking over the events of the night—Tom, as usual, predicting the most disastrous consequences to spring from the appearance of the Phantom, or Demon, or whatever it might be, and his equally superstitious companions for the most part agreeing with him.

"I tell you, boys, thar'll so'thing orful come on't!" repeated Tom, some twenty times, with an ominous shake of his head.

"So you said," observed Henry, "when you saw the Thing before; but you see we are both alive yet, and nothing serious has come of it so far."

"Wall, can't you guv it time!" snarled Tom, who did not like the idea of being considered a false prognosticator. "You'll see! Whar's the use?"

"It would be very strange indeed if something serious should not happen in the course of time!" laughed Henry. "If that is what you mean, we are well agreed."

Nothing serious, however, occurred that night, and at daylight the boats resumed their progress down the river. To the great delight of his companions, Henry made a sketch of the scene in the forest, at the moment when the strange Unknown was in the act of leaping down from the tree in pursuit of Hampton. It was drawn from memory, with great fidelity, and the lights and shades were managed with true artistic effect.

He showed it to Isaline, who, having retired early the evening before, as yet knew nothing about the events of the night.

"It is a strange sort of picture," she said, "but what does it represent?"

"A scene I witnessed last night."

"You?"

"Even I, Miss Holcombe. This figure is intended for myself."

"Were you then ashore and in the forest?"

"I was."

"And what is this leaping down from the tree? a human being or an animal?"

"I do not know—it looks there as it appeared to me."

"And who is this running here?"

"Charles Hampton."

"He!" cried Isaline, turning quickly, catching him by the arm, and looking keenly into his eyes; "you and he quarreled yesterday! and what were you doing together in the forest last night?"

"After gentlemen quarrel, it sometimes becomes necessary for them to meet and settle their differences."

"You went to fight a duel?"

"Respect for myself and companions required me to demand satisfaction for the gross insults I received yesterday in your presence!"

"Oh, heavens! and you fought?" cried Isaline, with a nervous clasping of her hands. "I might have known you would!"

"No, we did not fight, for we were interrupted, as you see."

"And where is Charles Hampton now?"

"I do not know."

"Is he living?"

"I cannot say—he has not returned."

"*You* did not *kill* him?"

"No, I did not harm him—though he treacherously fired at me, and then ran like a coward."

"Thank God that at least his blood is not on *your* soul!" said Isaline, fervently.

"At least I am spared that reflection, though I was strongly tempted to send a ball through him. The last I saw of him, he was flying in fear, and the strange Unknown was pursuing him, uttering hideous shrieks."

"And this strange Unknown, as you call it—what do you suppose it is?"

"I hardly pretend to conjecture," replied Henry. "It, or something like it, has many times been seen and heard in the forest by the scouts and hunters, who are superstitious enough to believe it something supernatural—though, in that respect, I am not prepared to agree with them. My rough companions fear it more than they would a host of Indians; and they say that after it is seen and heard, something evil always befalls the unfortunate party—though even of that I am not so sure. When the word was on the point of being given, last night, that might have proved fatal to Hampton or myself, or perhaps both, the air was filled with a prolonged and terrible shriek, and all who were present with us, turned and fled in wild dismay, leaving us alone in our positions. I admit I was a good deal unnerved and startled myself, and was on the point of following their example, when Hampton, with murderous treachery, fired at me, the ball just grazing my cheek, as you can perceive by this red mark. Then fearing I might shoot him down like a dog, as I was certainly tempted to do, he turned and ran also; and this Creature, with more wild shrieks, leaped down from a tree near him and went bounding after him. I heard the cries of both till they appeared to be lost in the distance, and then I hurriedly left the scene, and fortunately made my way safely back to the boats. I drew this rough sketch from memory, and this is all I know of the affair."

"A wonderful mystery!" returned Isaline, with a shudder. "What can it be? Heavens! what a fate for Hampton!"

From her words and manner, Henry was at a loss to know in what degree of estimation his rival was held by Isaline. Did she regret his absence as that of an acquaintance, a friend, or a lover? or did she regret his absence at all? He could not tell. Sometimes he fancied one thing and sometimes another, but the real truth was a secret of her own. At all events, the field was now clear for him; and as he had already begun to form a very ardent attachment for her, he resolved to make the most of his present opportunity.

Thus far, with the exception of the incidents we have mentioned, nothing had occurred to break the dull monotony of a slow passage down the river; but toward evening of that day, the boat was hailed from the Ohio shore, by a man who seemed to be in great distress, and who begged most piteously to be taken aboard, declaring he had been a prisoner among the Indians and had just made his escape.

"That story's told so often that we haint got no faith in't!" called out one of the men.

"Oh, for God's sake, don't leave me to die here!" cried the man, holding out his hands imploringly.

"Can you swim?"

"No, I should drown."

"Well, we shan't run our boats any nearer the shore, for we're too old in the business to stick our feet into Injun traps."

"Oh, for God's sake, for mercy's sake, don't leave me here to starve, or be caught by the savages again!" pleaded the man.

We have already mentioned the manner in which the Indians, by means of decoys, sometimes entrapped the inexperienced and unwary to their destruction, and this of course will explain what might otherwise seem the cruel indifference of the scouts to the apparent sufferings of a fellow being. They were, in a general way, bold, brave men, who would risk their lives, when necessary, where they had faith in the justice and need of the noble deed; and even now, with all their doubts upon them, it was very trying to them to turn a deaf ear to prayers so earnestly, and it might be truthfully, made; but their resolution was taken, and all the piteous pleadings of the man on the shore failed to shake it in the least. Of course the sympathies of the women were strongly enlisted in behalf of the apparent sufferer, and they soon joined their prayers to his, declaring it would be such a species of downright cruelty to leave him there to perish that Heaven would be certain to visit them with its displeasure.

"Whar's the use?" growled Tom. "Ef we knowed the feller warn't lying, we'd fotch him off in no time; but I haint the least incline to see you all riddled with bullets, or hev some yelling red devil slapping my own ha'r in my face."

"Is it really true that we are going to leave that poor fellow to perish there?" said Isaline to Henry, with some warmth.

"It seems cruel, I admit; but it certainly would not be prudent for us to risk one of these boats ashore," he replied.

"But there are smaller boats," returned Isaline, quickly; "and, among you all, I should think there might be found one or two men brave enough to make the venture alone!"

The color mounted to the temples of Henry, and he replied, with a slight bow:

"At least, Miss Holcombe, your suggestion shall not be lost on me!"

"Nay, I did not mean you, Mr. Colburn!" she quickly cried, as he turned to leave her. "Stay! you must not go yourself! but let some of the others venture instead!"

"I would ask no man to risk his life and decline to peril my own!" he answered, with a look of dignified reproach.

"Return then, I pray you, and do only what is prudent!" said Isaline, turning somewhat pale. "Do not act upon my words! which I now admit were thoughtlessly spoken."

"No," said Henry, respectfully but firmly, "I cannot change my purpose now, but shall make an effort to save this man, let the consequences be what they may!"

When they learned what he was about to do, the companions of the young artist remonstrated with him against his rash design—and Rough Tom even called him a fool for thinking of such a thing—but he calmly replied that there might be no danger whatever, the man's story might be true, and at least his conscience would not be easy until he should have made an effort to save him.

"Well, at least you shan't go alone!" said Davis, following him to a skiff which was fastened to the stern of the larger boat.

"Nay," said Henry, "there is no need of two to do the work of one. If there is no danger, I can readily bring off the man; and if there is danger, it is folly to peril two lives!"

"That may be all very well for you to say," rejoined Davis; "but you see you can't have every thing your own way; and if you go, I'm agoing to go with you!"

Henry made no further objection, and the two were soon afloat in the skiff and striking off for the Ohio shore.

"Oh, be careful of your lives!" called out Isaline, in a voice that was tremulous with emotion. "Be very, very cautious! and do not forget that yonder is a dangerous shore, and that you may be advancing upon a terrible ambuscade!"

She said *lives*, and apparently addressed them *both*; but her thoughts dwelt on *one*, and she fairly groaned in spirit at the reflection that it was her own words which had prompted him to undertake what might prove a fatal adventure.

"I will remember your instructions!" returned Henry, lifting his hat and waving her an adieu.

As the little boat gradually increased the distance between it and the larger one, and glided off lightly toward the northern shore, every eye was fixed upon it with that intensity of feeling which we never fail to experience when we see a human being periling his life in the cause of humanity. There was a deep and breathless silence, as if all were oppressed with the dread and awe of the shadow of death. Nearer and still nearer the little boat approached the shore, where the solitary man was making frantic gestures of hope and joy, and more intense became the feelings of the spectators, some of whom unconsciously clasped their hands and wrung them. Now the stranger, apparently by the directions of those who had gone to save him, went lower down the stream, to a projecting point of land, and came out to the end of it, that he might be reached without requiring the skiff to venture too far in shore; but even there, tall, overhanging trees and a dense thicket formed a dark, heavy background, which might conceal a treacherous foe, and the anxious watchers felt little relief from the change of position.

Colburn and Davis themselves seemed far from being satisfied that all was right—for, after drawing near the point, they checked their advance, and first turned up the stream and then down, and appeared to reconnoitre the shore with great keenness and care. Then they stopped and held a parley with the stranger, the words of which could not be distinguished by those on the larger boat. A minute or two after, as if the colloquy had proved satisfactory to the scouts, they were seen pulling up to the bank, while the man was observed to advance to the extreme verge of it, holding on by the overhanging bushes, as if ready to leap or lower himself into the skiff the instant the bow should come beneath him.

At this critical moment of intense expectation—a moment that seemed so fraught with deliverance or danger—several light puffs of smoke were seen issuing from the thicket, the reports of several muskets were heard blending into one heavy roar, and both Colburn and Davis were observed to sink down in their little craft, as if riddled with bullets. At the same instant the stranger gave a shout of triumph, and five or six painted savages burst into view, uttering their appalling war-whoops!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN'Y 13, 1866.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will any of our contributors oblige us by sending good, original receipts for cooking?

Respectfully declined.—"Judson's Death." "A True Pirate Story." "A Winter Tale." "Mary, of Mortone Grange." "Despairing." "My Biography."

"BLOW YOUR OWN WHISTLE."

Not many days since I was leisurely walking down street, when I encountered some half-a-dozen rosy, round-faced children, ranging from three to ten years. The tallest, a bright-eyed, curly-haired little fellow, held a whistle to his mouth, and was blowing vociferously. The others were trying, but none of them successfully, and one little wee toddling thing held up her hands in a pleading way,

"Let me try?"

"Blow your own whistle," said the first musician, and kept on making a still louder sound. Moved by the bright, wistful little face, I instinctively stopped, and said to number one as gently as possible,

"Do let her try; see how anxiously she wishes it."

"Let her blow her own whistle. I gave her one."

"Where is it, little one?" and I held out my hand. The little face brightened in a moment, as she brought it from under her apron.

"Here it is, but I can't blow it. I've tried," and she placed it in my hand. It was a veritable wooden whistle. I hardly knew about the expediency of trying, though I wiped it with my handkerchief. "Can you blow it?" said the little one.

What a dilemma! I had heard of people blowing their whistles, but had never attempted it, one reason, perhaps, I had never a whistle to blow. It was all so comical I could not resist the wish to try, so bravely putting it to my mouth I blew resolutely—there was no sound. I tried again, and not more successful.

"Pshaw!" said number one. "You are a girl, this is the way to it;" and he snatched the toy from my hands and blew a shrill, deep whistle. "There," handing it to the little girl. "You don't know how to blow, that's all; girls never do." And with the utmost *sangfroid* he took up his whistle, and went on, the rest joining him, but making by no means a certain sound. "You don't know how to blow, that's all; girls never do," kept ringing through my ears, and tangling my brains as I walked through the crisped air and golden sunshine. That was the very thing that I had been thinking of for months. "Blow your own trumpet, tin horn, or birch whistle, blow away, and let people hear. Have you got a few pills, box of matches, or a bottle of soothing syrup, blow your whistle, and don't be too modest about it. Bah! Modesty looks very well in the books, but it is such an old-fashioned commodity, nobody of any account thinks of it now-a-days. It has no market value. I don't even think it worth a whistle. Have you got any sort of merchandize, Sozodont, pearl powder, or hair dye, blow your whistle. How in the name of common sense do you expect people to know what you have if you don't tell them? And how do you expect people to know what you are, except you make it known in the same glorious fashion? If you write a newspaper item, magazine article, or even do what Job wished his adversary had done—write a book. Blow your own whistle. Be sure and say some new and startling thing. Be not too nice in the arrangement or too delicate in the sentiment, aim to say something smart, it will strengthen your lungs, and clear your brain, besides acting as a wholesome tonic for others."

If there is any class of people to be pitied in this world it is those who from some defect in the heart or the head, cannot blow their own whistle. Number one was supremely happy. What a loud noise he made; people looked out of their windows as he passed. Ladies stopped on the pavement. Everybody looked at him; he was the observed of all observers, and why? He was not any better looking than the rest of his company, not any more active, had no more talent. But he had a whistle, and he blew louder than anybody else, that's the secret. Be advised before it is too late—get a whistle—blow it. The one that blows the loudest is sure to win.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

If a tallow candle be placed in a gun and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired into water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance.

A musket ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making the hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk two hundred feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of the water.

In the arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. A mother has been distinctly heard talking to her child, on a still day, across water a mile wide.

The word Panic is said to have originated in this wise. At the battle of Platea the air resounded with a fearful cry, which the Athenians attributed to the god Pan. The Persians were so alarmed that they fled.

Hence originated panic fear—or, in course of time, simply panic.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Human Hair, and the Cutaneous Diseases Which Affect it: Together with Essays on Acne, Sycosis, and Chicasma." By B. C. Perry, Dermatologist. Published by James Miller, 522 Broadway, New York. We can commend this book with great confidence to our readers, not only for the amount of information it contains, but for the sound judgment manifested by Mr. Perry in his advice relative to the treatment of the hair, and of the diseases to which it and the head are subject. Mr. Perry, we have understood, stands very high in New York, as a practical dermatologist—and, judging from this book, very deservedly.

"Devotional Study of the Scriptures." By Goulburn. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

"Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction." By William D. Wheeler. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

GOOD ADVICE TO IMITATORS.

From the German, by Aubrey Forestier.

The most ordinary, indifferent author might at times write enthusiastically and well, did he only write on subjects that he has most at heart. This he seldom does, however; he does not even seek to know his own mind, and yet, doubtless, he has many longings and aspirations within his breast which might be expressed in glowing, earnest language. Instead what does he do? He learns from the journals of the day and from the public voice what style is fashionable and pleasing, and in accordance with this he fashions his course. As he naturally has not as much power and skill as those who introduced the style—however foolish a one it may be—must have had, and as, besides, every new comer finds the path more and more beaten, the highest reputation he can obtain is that of a tolerable imitator. This is but weak praise! In individual cases this circumstance is one that may be treated with indifference. Considered in the aggregate, however, it is rather an appalling thought that thousands of writers die everywhere without ever having given utterance to the thoughts which lie within the depths of their souls. Yet such utterances could not fail to be interesting; at all events they would be psychologically significant. Instead of this they repeat *ad infinitum* what was said long before, for which nobody thanks them, or could thank them if they tried. Is not this truly absurd? Yet it is sorrowful too, and should this harmless fragment move even a single Author to look into his own heart, to strive to know himself, it would rejoice me beyond words.

Jack Horner—His True History.

Who has not heard of this famous individual? Who does not remember of being told in his youth about Jack Horner? And who has not envied him his good fortune when he—

"Sat in a corner eating a Christmas pie,
Put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum
And says what a pretty boy am I?"

Have the children ever inquired who was Jacky Horner? Here is the tradition:—

When Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries and drove out the poor old monks from their nests, the title deeds of the Abbe of Mells—including the sumptuous grange built by Abbot Selwood—were demanded by the commissioners. The Abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them to London, but as the documents were very valuable and the roads infested by thieves, it was difficult to get them safely to the metropolis. To accomplish this, however, he devised the following plan: he ordered a pie to be made—as fine a pie as ever smoked on a refectory table; inside he put the documents—the finest lining a pie ever had since pies were first made—he entrusted this dainty to a lad named Horner to carry up to London, to deliver it safely into the hands of those for whom it was intended. But the journey was long; and the day was cold, and the boy was hungry, and the pie was tempting, and the chance of detection was small. So the boy broke off a piece of pie and beheld the parchment; he pulled it forth, innocently enough—wondering how it could have reached there—tied up the pastry and arrived in town. The parcel was delivered, but the title deeds of the Mells Abbey Estate were missing—Jack had them in his pocket; these were the juiciest plums of the pie. Great was the rage of the commissioners, heavy the vengeance they dealt out to the monks. Jack kept his secret, and, when peaceable times were restored, claimed the estates and obtained them. Whether Mr. Horner deserves the title of "good boy" bestowed on him by the nursery lament is more than doubtful; however, that's the story.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Mendoza—Manufacturers—Church Magnificence—Earthquake—Pestilence—a Strange Mad Man.

Perhaps if we had not been told five hundred and fifty times, "You'll see something when you get to Mendoza," by Buenos Ayrean provincials, who were positive we should find Mendoza the finest city in the world, we should have appreciated Mendoza ten times more than we did when we did find it.

Now the truth is, that this western metropolis of *la Confederacion Argentina*, with its expanded limits, white walls, red, gleaming roofs and fourteen thousand inhabitants, set as it is in a circlet of emerald vine-clad hills, and nestled away at the sunny base of the everlasting Andes, is a most enchanting picture, seen in the distance.

But the enchantment lies in leagues of space, and *lies* like Annanias himself too, for upon closer acquaintanceship you find the superb picture subside into—Mendoza, and Mendoza you find a respectable town, only so by comparison, confining the limit to South America. We have no town quite so wretched in its minor characteristics and details within the limits of the United States. There is more wealth, splendor, glare, glitter, industry, idleness, want, and wickedness, all piled in promiscuously and every where apparent in Mendoza, than can be found in an equal area on this continent, perhaps in the whole world elsewhere.

Such a city, surrounded by such advantages and situated at the base of the Rocky Mountains, within the limits of the United States, would be an admiration point towards which every American would put out his finger with honest pride. Such a city at the base of the Andes, is little beyond than a vivid contrast of riches and wretchedness.

Though in the main the productions of the country all about Mendoza are the same as those of other semi-tropical regions of the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, and rich soil with a mild, genial climate, serving to contribute them in abundance, yet the primitive modes of conveyance and the great distance to remunerative markets, paralyze industry, or drive it into over-crowded avenues. It will not pay to transport fruits, grains, jerked beef and raw hides to Buenos Ayres in awkward, clumsy ox-carts, and hence these articles, which, under other circumstances, would employ the active industry of a four-fold population, are now rarely produced in excess of the home demand; and should any great territorial calamity, such as the earthquake of '57 or the inundating rains of '51, fall upon the country, famine, pestilence, starvation and incalculable misery is the inevitable results.

The manufactures of Mendoza and the surrounding region, with one or two exceptions, are, like the productions, dependent entirely upon a home market, and consequently of very slight importance.

In its early days, and for many years after the settlement of the country, Mendoza was the pet of its founders, the Jesuits. Here they built their most magnificent churches, enriching them with the generous contributions drawn from millions of willing purses, until the splendor of Mendoza's churches became more dazzling than an Eastern dream. Everywhere within these palaces of the Roman Church, gold and silver were distributed like plebeian iron; gems of immense value sparkled in the diadem of a puppet "Mary," or glanced on fingers of waxen saints. Statues, giant candlesticks, censors, ponderous crosses, and the paraphernalia of the baptismal font in virgin gold, were lavishly displayed; the costliest pictures by old-time masters hung everywhere upon the walls, and in short, of all that could add to the magnificences and enchantment of the churches of Mendoza, nothing was left unsupplied.

The vicissitudes of the Buenos Ayrean struggle for independence, the decree of Rosas banishing the Jesuits from the country, and the vandalism that has always followed in the footsteps of intestine struggles and semi-revolutions, have each and all contributed their share towards despoiling these rich treasuries of the Church of their original magnificence, so that their internal display of wealth at the present time, is but a faint shadow of what it was in the golden days of the Vice Royalty of Buenos Ayres. Still there is enough of splendor remaining to make one not familiar with Jesuitical extravagance in church expenditures stare with astonishment.

The beauty of location, advantages of soil and climate, and more than all, Jesuit influence in the early days of the Buenos Ayrean Vice Royalty, drew thousands of the richest, proudest and best of Spain's emigrating families from Catalonia, Murcia, Andalusia, and Leon, to Mendoza. Here they went on, adding continually to their wealth, until the days of separation from old Spain came, when, as nearly every one of them either favored or actively aided the revolution, they were not despoiled of their possessions, and their descendants to the present time having always continued to add to the wealth left them, the result is an immense amount of riches in the modern city of Mendoza.

One would think that these hidalgo dons would necessarily be in continual danger of being plundered by the miserable, low lazzaroni, by which they are on every hand surrounded. But there is no danger. There are fewer assassinations, robberies and burglaries in the city of Mendoza than in any town of equal extent in the whole of South America. The miserable human brutes are too cowardly to kill, and too lazy to steal.

There is no apparent cause for this peculiar beastly degradation and utter indolence of the poorer class in Mendoza. We find like instances in our own country, though never parallel ones. Sometimes we find whole communities sunk in morals, education and industry, many degrees below those by whom they are surrounded; and it would puzzle the most astute philosopher on earth to discover a reasonable cause. Is it that meanness is an infectious epidemic?

Mendoza being situated at the very base of the great "back-bone" of the continent, near neighbor to three restive volcanoes, and probably underswept by an ocean of molten fire, is subject to sudden and frequent earthquake shocks, some of which are disastrously severe. In traversing the city we met on every hand evidences of the fearful might of the subterranean sleeping giant, in heaps of ruins, leaning church towers, ruptured arches and broken walls.

All these evidences of the earthquake's might were eight years old; and we were told by many of whom we made inquiries as we rode through the city on the day of our arrival, that although *temblores*—a slight tremulous motion of the earth—were of weekly occurrence, there had been no destructive shock for the space of eight years, and they guessed the great fire giant buried beneath their feet was fairly and finally dead.

But they made a mistake. The monster had been only asleep, and happening to awake on the very evening after our arrival, got up a grand demonstration—Cator always declared in honor of the distinguished foreigners. Edith Bond wondered if the old Vulcan could not just as easily have honored his distinguished guests without so nearly *extinguishing* them.

We had had a semi-official reception by the authorities at the town hall, and were on our way on foot, and in a body, towards the Hotel d' Alanza where we had bespoken quarters during our stay in the city when the alarm of—"*The Earthquake!*" was raised, and in less than a minute all was terror, dismay, and such confusion, that chaos were order to it.

At first there was a continuous, sharp tinkling noise like the breaking of glass by basketsfull all over, and around, and under our feet. In thirty seconds this was succeeded by a queer, hollow rumbling down in the bowels of the earth, sounding like rolling heavy cannon-balls over loose sheet-iron. Then there came a quick, undulating wave of the solid ground, followed by another and another, like the rapid rollers in a storm at sea, all surging down from the north-west, from the direction of Old Aconcagua more than two hundred miles distant.

Houses fell in masses of ruins, others reeled and staggered like drunken men, towers of churches swayed and swung to and fro, like inverted pendulums, until their bells tolled a fearful clang—fissures burst out at our feet and in a thousand places in the streets, emitting bluish flames, dense smoke, and a bitter, sulphureous odor. Men, women and children ran frantic and screaming through the streets, in many instances crushed by falling walls—horses, mules, and ten thousand crazy curs ran riot in every direction, neighing, braying, howling and yelping, and such a scene of utter frenzy, horror, and wild consternation, no pen or tongue can ever describe with even a shadow of justice.

We were fortunate in having just entered the central avenue of the Grand *Plaza* when our earthquake reception occurred, and taking to the trees which were numerous, small, and well rooted, we escaped without serious damage, though most unmercifully shaken up.

The shock occurred about a quarter before eleven o'clock, P. M., and a most fortunate thing it was for us that the chief magistrate of Mendoza was as inquisitive as any Yankee that ever lived, detaining us at the hall quite an hour after we should have been gone, with four score questions that suggested themselves to him respecting our country and things we had seen.

The duration of the earthquake did not exceed seven or eight minutes, and as soon as it was possible to walk, we hurried to where the Hotel d' Alonza *had* stood, and found only a heap of ruins. If I remember correctly, seventeen persons were crushed by its falling walls. Only the light, low sheds in which our horses were stabled and goods stored, escaped intact.

There were various estimates of the number of people killed and buildings destroyed, most of which I think were exaggerations. I give the lowest, which in round numbers made the human victims eleven hundred, and the houses destroyed three hundred and seventy.

Something about a week after the earthquake there broke out simultaneously all over the city, a terrible malady—a kind of pestilence, plague, or "black-death," that killed wherever it attacked, and in a week carried off more victims than the earthquake had destroyed. Then it totally disappeared as suddenly as it came.

We were told on the day after the shock that had so nearly shaken down the city, that at noon on the previous day, a strange mad man whom no one knew, but who had visited the city at intervals of about three months, coming from, and going, no one knew whither, had proclaimed the awful visitation from the lofty tower of the Church of San Augustine, declaring himself to be Don Rodrigo Diaz, Count of Bivar, the famous Spanish warrior of the 11th century, surnamed the *Cid*.

On the day preceding that on which the pestilence appeared, we saw the singular mad man, and heard him threaten from the tower of St. Jerome, that on the following day he would sweep the doomed city with a curse more terrible than the earthquake. The man was clad in the ancient armor of the Spaniards, armed cap-a-pie, and again proclaimed himself as the renowned Count of Bivar, which we took the liberty of questioning, as his speech on provincialisms were substantially those of a Boston Yankee.

The strange mad man—for such he undoubtedly was, disappeared as he came probably, and if any one ever found out who, or what he was, we never heard of it. He was not the Count of Bivar, that was certain.

The Poor of New York.

Humanity cries "Shame!" when in these days of luxury and extravagance such facts as the following come to light. Would that there were some law by which those who thus "grind the faces of the poor" could be brought to speedy punishment. That they will eventually "reap as they sow" there is no doubt. During the recent investigation into the sanitary state of our city, was a so-called improved tenement house, whose owner stated that the halls were never lit, and that they were almost totally dark during the day.

"What rent do you pay?" asked one of the visitors.

"Seven dollars a month," answered the mother, "and we find it pretty hard to make things meet and pay our expenses."

"You work at artificial flower-making, I see," remarked a gentleman; "how much can you make a day at that?"

"Well," said the woman "three can make—by working from seven o'clock in the morning until nine at night—about one dollar and a quarter. *We get five cents for every twelve gross we make!*"

This woman said that she was obliged to live in such a place, but that she knew that it was one of "the most horrible places on the face of the earth!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

TRUTH.—The heaviest fetter that ever weighed down the limbs of a captive, is as the web of the gossamer, compared with the pledge of a man of honor. The wall of stone and the bar of iron may be broken, but the plighted word never.

My Escape.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY H. W. STILLMAN.

I was travelling alone. Circumstances had rendered it necessary that I should perform a journey of several hundred miles, and it was not convenient for any of my friends to accompany me. But I was used to travelling; I had full instructions regarding the changes on the route; my baggage was checked through, thus relieving me of all care concerning it; therefore I had no more reason to anticipate any personal danger or annoyance than if I had had a travelling companion to protect me. Railroad accidents were all I had to fear; and these no passenger can foresee or prevent, so all who journey by rail must take the risk of blindly encountering them.

I was comfortably seated near the centre of the middle car of our not-very-lengthy passenger train; I had bidden farewell to relatives and acquaintances on the platform, and was now exchanging a few parting words with Hilbert, who, at the risk of making an impromptu journey, had come on board to see me pleasantly seated and to whisper a good-by not intended for other ears. Chancing to glance beyond Hilbert's manly form bending towards me, I encountered a pair of eyes staring straight into mine with a look that made my flesh creep. I started, shuddering involuntarily. Hilbert saw my disturbance.

"What is it, Laura? Something ails you."

"Look at that man—the one sitting facing me in the next seat but one. He stares at me in such a way that it frightens me."

Hilbert glanced around. His eyes met those of the stranger. With a fixed, stern look Hilbert bent his large black orbs full upon the man, eyeing him till he turned his head away, coloring confusedly, and commenced drumming on the arm of his seat, while he nonchalantly began to whistle a light operatic air.

"Don't be afraid, Laura mine. He dare not molest you, even if he desire to, which I doubt. The fellow has devilish eyes; I never saw such a pair before; but there are many people in the car—you are perfectly safe."

A moment later Hilbert had bidden me good-by and departed; the cars were in rapid motion; I was being whirled dizzily on, away, away from home and loved ones by the tireless iron-hearted steam-steed which brooks no delay, lingers for no farewell, sorrows at no parting.

Lost in revery, I forgot the proximity of the man with the evil eyes as I gazed out the window at the endless variety of landscape scenery which seemed to be gliding along as by magic while I was at rest. An ever-changing panorama of meadows, woodlands, streams and villages passed before my dreamy vision, while Fancy touched each newly appearing object with her vivid colors, charming all my senses into a delicious day-dream.

I only awoke from this state of delightful insanity at P———, which was the terminus of the road. Here passengers for N——— my destination—were to cross the city in omnibuses to another station, where a train would be awaiting them. This was a popular route, and the omnibuses were crowded. Scarcely had the one in which I was seated begun to grate over the harsh pavement when I once more encountered that same pair of evil eyes intently bent upon me. The man was sitting on the same side of the omnibus with myself, in the corner nearest the door while I was at the other end; and he had inclined his head forward, beyond the line of strange faces, the better to get a view of me. I shuddered again as I met his gaze, drawing back into my corner to escape his observation. He did not seem to wish me to think that he was looking particularly at me, for he too immediately drew back, making no further effort to stare at me.

At the railway station there was a rush for the cars. It was an important depot where several roads centred. Four or five trains in readiness to depart were waiting for their living freight. Carried along by the swaying, surging multitude, confused by the pressure and bustle of the crowd, half-blinded by the clouds of smoke from the impatient locomotives I narrowly escaped taking the wrong train. It was the man with the evil eyes who saved me from such a calamity!

"This way, miss, *this* is the train for N———," he said, coming up to me, gently touching my shoulder, and pointing me to the train opposite the car which I was entering. The man's manner was kind, respectful, gentlemanly, yet how I shrunk from him! "The train for N———!" How did he know my destination? Had any chance word of Hilbert's revealed it to him? I could not make an effort to remember then, so harassed was I with fear lest he were misdirecting me. I did not feel safe until I had seen the conductor of the train, who assured me that this was the night express train for N———.

The stranger with the evil eyes preceded me into the car which was crowded, he secured a seat for me by the side of an aged gentleman already half asleep, while he himself took half the next seat, sitting down directly facing me. The other occupant of that seat was a fat, fussy, purblind old lady, evidently the companion of the old gentleman by my side.

Night was approaching when the long express train, emerging from the mammoth station house, hurried us away through the crowded city where lights were already beginning to appear, out into the open country. We were to travel all night, merely pausing at three or four of the most important places on the route. The only chance for detention was at midnight when at the city of H——— we were to take on a couple of cars from a branch-road. Should there be no delay from this connection we would arrive at N——— the next morning, our train being due there at 8 A. M.

It was a long, tiresome ride to look forward to, with no hope of anything to relieve its dead monotony. I had already been travelling since early morning. I knew that I could not sleep while riding in the cars. The one lantern hung up in the centre of our car, afforded but a dim light, wholly insufficient for reading. There was nothing, nothing wherewith to amuse myself and while away the slowly dragging moments.

The buoyancy of spirit which had been mine all day was gone. An unwonted depression for which I was at a loss to account settled down upon me.

From the moment when the strange-eyed gentleman had seated himself opposite me I had avoided looking at him. Our seats rendered us such near neighbors that his knees touched the drapery of my dress. I constantly felt an annoying consciousness of his presence, yet I studiously avoided his eyes, those eyes which had such an inexpressible effect upon one whenever they encountered mine.

There are some human eyes so fiend-like in expression that their very look seems to contaminate you—"eyes that cannot cease from sin." You may walk up and down the most crowded thoroughfares of any great metropolis for weeks and weeks, noting carefully each countenance that you meet, and never once in all your search, meet such a pair of eyes as those of which I speak. Indeed had I not seen such eyes, I would not believe they could exist outside his Satanic Majesty's infernal kingdom.

As the thick gloom of night set in the cloud upon my spirit seemed to deepen and darken. I tried to rally myself by recalling glad memories of the dear friends left behind me. Closing my eyes, leaning my cheek upon my hand, I tried to shut out the present by sending my thoughts back to the glad and cheerful past. Futile effort! My springing thoughts, bend whatever way I would, quickly returned to this evil-eyed stranger sitting before me.

After awhile I became aware of a strange sensation stealing over me. It was as if I were being possessed, despite any will or power of mine, by another spirit that had full power to control my own.

A growing horror seized me. I tried to shake off the unknown influence that was upon me; I found it utterly impossible. I tried to look up; I could not lift my eyelids which were only cast down, not closed. I tried to change my position; I found myself perfectly motionless except when that strange power willed me to move. I had lost my power of volition; I wished to will, but could not. An invisible power stronger than my own mental or spiritual force held my whole being in hateful thrall.

How much time passed thus I knew not. I did know that twice the cars stopped. I was sure that the night had far advanced. Once again the train stopped. The stranger before me rose. Quietly laying his hand upon my shoulder, he said "Come."

Was I so completely within his power that I could not disobey him? Had he magnetized me? My powers of perception were not gone; I knew whatever passed within my range of observation; yet speak I could not; refuse to follow and obey I could not. Mechanically I arose, taking my reticule on my arm; mechanically I followed this stranger from the car. I could not do otherwise. I was like a gagged person drowning, I could not call for help.

"What will become of me?" was my despairing thought, as I turned away from where safely slept and snored the somnolent old gentleman and his fussy, fat companion. "What, *what* will become of me?" silently agonized my fettered spirit, as obedient to this hated force I stepped from the car, placed my passive hand upon the arm of the stranger and walked away by his side through the midnight streets of an unknown city, being as helpless to resist the iron will that controlled me as if I had been bound with fetters of adamant.

My powers of reflection, like those of bodily action, were not entirely gone, but they were in bondage. A cloud of darkness obscured my mind. I tried to think whither I was going, to what fate my unwilling feet were taking me; I could only imagine a frightful chaos of darkness and horror. Shapeless shapes of evil seemed to hover about me, flitting noiselessly through the midnight air. I tried to withdraw my hand from the arm on which it rested; I could not move it except at the behest of that dread Will which had taken possession of me. I tried to reflect, remember, compare, and draw conclusions, that I might analyze this terrible power; my thoughts, like a frightened wild-bird in a cage, could only wildly beat about, wounding themselves against the bars that confined them. Horror of horrors! was there no escape? It seemed to me that could I only loose my tongue, could I only utter one sound, were it merely an inarticulate shriek, I might regain the exercise of my will; I might at least *try* to escape. But tongue of deaf and sightless mute was never more dumb than mine.

Thus we two walked silently on, a long and weary way. The streets were dimly lighted. Each street-lamp that I passed seemed a fiery-eyed demon, leering at me through the darkness, mocking my helpless, hopeless misery.

The night-wind struck damp and chill upon my forehead as, turning a corner, we began to descend a street that led down toward some body of water. Water I knew it must be, and close at hand, for through the dim light of the lamps I could discern ahead a forest of spectral masts and rigging. Was this incarnate fiend going to rob me of what few valuables there were upon my person, and then drown me? I almost hoped that he would. Then came, flashing like lightning through my thought, "Hilbert! home! ah, the home that *was to be*—that *never will* be ours! Oh, my young life, lost, lost!" Again flashed another idea, following the others with electric speed. "The spell is weakening, for I can *think*. I must, I shall, I will be free!"

Not yet. My feet still moved obedient to the will of my captor. My tongue was still dumb. I was still unable to withdraw my hand from that terrible arm.

We were fast nearing the water. Another block passed and we should be upon the wharves. But that was not where he was taking me. We halted before a high, dark, narrow house. My master began feeling in his pocket. "It is for his night key. There is a fate for me worse than death." These thoughts, like winged messengers of light, flew in upon my darkened mind. The spell was growing weaker, weaker. I heard the measured tread of a watchman. Around the corner of this gloomy mansion he came from a cross street. He was close upon us. Now my master had found what he was searching for. It was a night-key. He applied it to the lock and opened the door gently. He was just laying hold of me to draw me within, when I made one fierce, strong, persistent effort to break these frightful bonds. Like a person striving to awake from a nightmare, I struggled unceasingly, determinedly, to utter one cry for help. That instant of struggle seemed to me like ages of time, but my long-subdued will gained the ascendancy. I loosed my tongue; I cried with convulsive effort, "Oh my God! help me! Save me! hide me from this man!" As I uttered this cry I sprung to the watchman, grasping his arm as with a death-gripe. Such a curse as came from the mouth of my foiled enemy may I never hear again. Like a flash he disappeared within the silent doorway. I was left alone with the watchman.

Though I am not physically strong, I am not what is usually termed a weak woman. I did not faint. I clung to the watchman, begging him to take me to a place of safety.

Whatever he may have thought as to how I came where I was, he did not stop to question me. "My home is a few doors off; I will take you there," he said. "My wife will give you a shelter until morning."

With the watchman's good wife I found a refuge. From her I learned that I was in the city of H———, where the train on which I had been travelling must have arrived at midnight.

The shock which my mental and bodily powers had received was so great that by morning I was too weak and ill to rise from my bed. Travelling further alone was not to be thought of. Indeed I doubt if any money could have tempted me to set foot out of doors again alone had I been perfectly well.

I sat up in bed and wrote a note to Hilbert, saying that I was sick in the city of H———, at street and number so and so. That night he was with me.

As to the secret of the mysterious power which that Satanic stranger had over me, I can offer no explanation. Call it magnetism, mesmerism, psychology, demonology, or what you will. This only I can tell you, that I shall never again travel alone.

The Lord of Burleigh.

The following extract from a recent English story, gives probably the true history of the Lord of Burleigh romance:—

Sometimes I think I shall be like the Lord of Burleigh's wife. And it will be said of me as of her—

"'But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her night and morn,
With the burthen of an honor
Unto which she was not born.'"

"Don't be sentimental, Ethel. Besides, I am not sure that the Lady of Burleigh really drooped and drooped till, before her time, she died exactly as the poet tell us. Of course you know who the Lady of Burleigh really was?"

"The poem informs us—a village maiden whom a noble lord woos *incognito* as a landscape painter. Oh! how well I can understand that thought of hers as, passing by the stately homes of England, park and hall, and ancient bower—

"Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage drawing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.

"'Oh, but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come!'"

"Ethel! Ethel! I do not believe that Lady Burleigh, *née* Miss Sarah Hoggins, ever really had such thoughts."

"Was *that* her name—her maiden name?"

"It was, indeed; and if the commonly-received story be correct, Henry Cecil, afterwards Earl and Marquis of Exeter, first saw his village maiden at the wash-tub. She is described as young, fat-faced, ruddy, good-tempered, and extremely amiable—not at all the sort of person to die of secret weight of trouble, I should say. Mr. Cecil wooed the damsel as Mr. John Jones, and he was generally supposed in the village to be nothing less than a highwayman. He did *not* marry the young woman immediately upon her saying, 'there is none I love like thee:' he very sensibly packed her off to school, and when she returned, highly accomplished I have no doubt, he led her to the village altar, and the happy couple lived for some time after the wedding in the neighborhood of Bolas Common, Shropshire, where Mr. Cecil first became enamored of his rustic bride. He had been married once before to a lady of his own rank in life, from whom he was divorced after fifteen years of union. After the death of the *ci devant* Sarah Hoggins, he entered for the third time into the bonds of holy matrimony; he wedded the Duchess Dowager of Hamilton."

"Oh, Gratia, is it true? Was he divorced from his first wife, and did he marry again after—after

"'Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh House by Stamford town?'"

"He really did, dear Ethel, as the peerages of his day will clearly testify."

"I wish you had not told me."

A SINGULAR CASE.—About fifty-five years ago, a young gentleman and lady formed an association, as young people often do, and it was supposed by their friends that it would terminate in matrimony. But for some reason, best known to the parties, the association was dissolved, and they separated. The young man subsequently married and lost three wives, the last one within the last eight or nine months. The young lady married, and lived with her husband over fifty-three years, and raised a numerous family. During the last year her husband died. The lady remained a widow about eleven months, when her former suitor made an advance to her, he being about seventy-five years old, and the lady seventy-one, and they were married. The parties are living in the vicinity of Lynn Post-office, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, and the gentleman gave his consent to the publication of this notice.—*Montrose Republican.*

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—A correspondent of the Scientific American says: "If you have a boat that leaks badly, and it is in a strong current, or if you are towing it up stream, all you have to do to keep it dry is this: bore a hole through the bottom and insert a piece of tin or iron half round through the hole, letting it extend a few inches below the bottom of the boat, and all the water will run out without any labor. I think a ship at sea could be kept afloat if you could keep her going four miles per hour."

AT Sydney, in Australia, among other advertisements on the first floor of the printing-office, is a tablet, informing visitors that the editor cannot be spoken to unless paid for his valuable time. Accordingly, everybody, without exception, is invited to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room—one hour costing ten shillings, half an hour six shillings, fifteen minutes, three shillings.

A PARSON'S PREFACE.—A parson once prefaced his sermon with, "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the man who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

☞ SPY AND HANGMAN.—He who turns spy for pleasure would not stickle to be hangman for business.

MELLOW MOONLIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

Through leafless branches streaming,
Upon the mountain height,
The mellow moon is gleaming
With weird, uncertain light.
The winding, hill-hedged valleys
It fills with pencils dim,
And hangs the woodland alleys
With shadows from each limb.

It peacefully doth linger
Upon the snow-drifts white,
And gilds with calm, cold finger
The old churchyard to-night.
With voiceless lips proclaiming,
On every upturned stone,
The all-seeing Power sustaining
And guiding worlds alone.

Each flashing crystal glowing,
In pure, serenest ray,
A boon to us bestowing,
Doth eloquent portray,
While all the snow-flakes teach us
Some wondrous truth divine,
And every moonbeam preaches
A sermon in its shine.

MORE THAN REVENGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE AVENEL.

Hugh Stewart looked very calm, surprisingly calm as he left the room where he had been seated with Berenice Grey—who was to have been his bride in one short month—and, turning upon his heel, departed, a rejected man.

"Dismissed," he muttered, "like a lacquey!" For what have I been, if not the servant of every wish, the slave of every caprice?"

The life makes the face. Hugh Stewart's life had made his, and he had his worst look on, as he paced the flag-stones, every vein throbbing with the agony of suppressed passion, the intense rage of baffled love. It was a pitiless face, utterly remorseless. If Berenice had seen it, daring as she was, she might have shuddered.

Hugh Stewart had not taken many steps before a light footfall behind him startled him. Exasperated as he was, he paused an instant. There is an affinity in the evil, the magnetism of darkness. When Selina Talford glided up to him, and slipped a package of letters into his hand, he clutched them eagerly, but without a word. There was no need for her to say: "I have a soul as dark as yours. I, too, wish for revenge."

He hastened on, and the girl glided away with the darkness, kindred with herself.

At twelve o'clock, the papers spread before him, Stewart still read on. A smile, too ghastly to be satisfaction—for there are horrors which will make even the most cruel shudder—passed from time to time over his face.

"Ah! you have left me for Murray Gathern! He knows not to what a doom he goes. It will follow through life, cursing the offspring of your unhallowed marriage! What a doom! Dishonor even were better than this. This is the very crown of vengeance."

Doubtless Hugh Stewart would have preferred dishonor, but Murray Gathern, even when his agony was at the worst, thanked heaven that she, Berenice—but I anticipate.

One letter uncurled itself slowly, like a serpent, from the few remaining in the roll. One passage read thus:

"This is not life, it is a living torture. 'Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' There are those who can love still amid such horrors, but tell me not that this, this is Ida, *my wife!*"

Stewart murmured:

"How it will amaze that queen among women, that dusky-cheeked maiden whose beauty is not beautiful, to see that slave rise up upon whose neck she had set her foot. Go on to your fate! Every hour brings nearer that end which you thought to have been the wreck of my life, but which shall be your ruin and his also."

He wronged her. He attributed to the young girl the dark passions of his own soul, while her only fault towards him was that she could not love him. No, among the elements of genius, the poetic fancies, the half-sad, half-happy yearnings that were to become a chaos, the image that arose in ideal beauty was not after the likeness of Hugh Stewart; but in the recoil of her very soul from him, in the desperate resolve to dare all, her father's resentment, her certainty of the violence with which her communication would be met by her betrothed, Berenice Grey, in telling him that she could not become his wife, acted up to the noble part of her nature, and had no wish either to wrong or pain this man.

"I would have spared you even an hour of suffering if I could; but how bitterly should I have wronged you, had I suffered you to believe that I could ever love you as a wife should love. I could not, I would not forgive a man who would make me his wife without loving me. I think that is the bitterest wrong that can be done by one human being to another."

"Wrong!—I could create a soul in marble by my love. You have no heart!" he had replied.

The girl only pressed her hands upon her bosom and sighed. No heart! How it ached and yearned, even then, for another presence than his, and a voice that was not there.

Selina Talford, pacing upon the balcony that reached out from the winter-garden, where the group stood, and contemplating with mute fury the abject humiliation of the man she worshipped before the woman she execrated, pressed down the package of letters which she had kept for months ever with her—a weapon to be used when the time should come—and murmured:

"The pale-faced Swede may take her, why should I save him? But you, *you*, Hugh, no, your salvation shall be my revenge."

Misguided, reckless girl! revenge for what? You hate her because she is a power in that society which ignores you; because she quaffs the rich wine of wealth, and you the bitter gall of poverty; because she has talent, and you have only cunning; because the man whom you love, loves her. But is this her fault? Are the gifts of heaven slights to you? Are her little coldnesses to you, her unconscious queenliness and brilliant conversational powers, so many wrongs to you?

I am not about to depict in Selina Grey one of those impossibly wicked women belonging to the school of sensational literature; beings with hearts so monstrous, that if they dwelt in any human shape, it would become so hideous that humanity would fly from them with one accord. She was wicked because over her soul was the power of subtle evil, in the shape of a mad passion for a man from whom any womanhood, however faulty, would have shrunk appalled, could it have contemplated him as he was; but this girl was infatuated, blind.

"What he sees in her is what I cannot imagine," muttered Selina, pausing to look at Berenice. And, indeed, as Hugh Stewart had said of her, her beauty was not beautiful. That face had something in its very symmetry that was utterly unsympathetic, not from its expression so much, however, as from a rigidity of contour, persistent and repellant. The features rarely relaxed. With the eyes drooping, and the long fringe sweeping the dark, pale cheek, you could not deny that the countenance was beautiful; but when the eyes were suddenly raised, all charm vanished, the gaze was intense and hard, and had at times a wildness which, as it could not be accounted for at all times, by any apparent nervous excitement, produced an effect both startling and disagreeable.

As a child, Berenice had done some strangely cruel acts, acts at variance with the girl's general conduct. She had crushed a canary bird that would not sing in her hand till it died; but on the morrow she wept the bitterest tears over the empty cage of the favorite. Another and still more unaccountable thing, for then she was not angry, had been the deliberate poisoning of all the gold-fish in her father's library, and the horrid calm with which she watched the fluttering of their tiny fins as they passed out of their piscatorial existence.

"Miss Berry," said Janetta, the maid, "you are not a nice young lady to do such a thing." The girl raised her eyes to the servant's face with a look which she afterwards declared made her "crawl all over," but did not reply. Miss Anastasia Grey, the maiden aunt of Berenice, and sister to her father, turned deadly pale when these two occurrences were reported to her on her return from a short stay in the country. "Never repeat this to any one, do you hear, Janetta," said she; "I should dismiss you immediately." A compact of mystery was that day made between the aunt and the domestic, and there were many things that occurred between that time and the eighteenth birthday of Berenice, which indeed it was well should not have been the subject of comment.

At that period, however, a change for the better must have taken place, for Selina Talford, the orphan child of Mrs. Grey's sister, came to live in the house as a companion for Berenice in her idle hours.

In all this time, no stranger, and scarcely even the intimates of the house could have marked any peculiarity in Berenice. The wild dilation of the eyes, peculiar to her when excited by music—or the recital of anything painful or thrilling—was usually looked upon as the result of emotion not unwarranted by the existing cause which at the time served as its explanation, yet those who noted Mr. Grey's face at these times, remarked a painful quivering of the lip, a terrible pallor about the mouth and brow which told of some unuttered agony.

Perhaps, after years of poverty and miserable heart-grinding in the miserly family where she taught, Selina Talford may have become too hardened for any noble feeling, any pulse of gratitude, yet even she, it would have seemed, must have felt some meanness in the act when she stole into Miss Anastasia's room and possessed herself of the letters written by Roger Grey to his sister during a year of horror, a year which, when it was ended, had streaked the dark locks upon his temples with white flakes, furrowed the noble brow with relentless lines, (deeper than those which could have been graven there, at his age through sickness or mental toil,) and made the man of thirty-eight prematurely old. He had worshipped his wife; Ida Curtis was peerless.

Among the shadows of my story there is a gentle light. I will bring you now, reader, to Murray Gathern.

A pale face, a sad one, thin, not effeminate, yet delicate, aristocratic, refined. A form, not wanting in the indications of strength necessary to manly beauty, but not without a certain slenderness. The mouth was peculiarly beautiful, but like the form suggested sensitiveness. You would think that suffering would break this man, but you could not fancy him sneering at holy things, or reviling the Source of our woes, so mysterious to our darkened sense. He might die under the burden, which a presentiment involuntarily brought to all as his lot to bear, but nothing could change him into that living sneer which Hugh Stewart became, after the defection of Berenice Grey.

Gathern loved her. He had never liked Hugh Stewart, and had Berenice been as indifferent to him as she was dear, he could not have seen the marriage which was talked of without a shudder, but with that majesty of affection which is self-devotion, painful as the task was, he stood silently between her and this fate, though resolved that no word of his own love should interfere to avert it, or move him from the task of watchfulness, till she was, *by her own act*, free.

And now she had become so. It was not many months after her dismissal of Stewart had again enabled the young girl to "possess her own soul in peace," that Gathern declared his affection to her, and she confessed to him that her love, like his own, was no newly awakened feeling.

Gathern was poor—Berenice would in all probability be an heiress. Time must elapse, he thought, before Mr. Grey would be brought to look upon him as a desirable suitor to his daughter, after the rupture of a match so brilliant as that which would have united the colossal fortune of Hugh Stewart to the possessions which, in the Grey family, had passed from father to son for three generations, offering the rare spectacle of an American inheritance unbroken by speculation, yet ever increased.

"You cannot suppose that I should think of thwarting Berenice," said Mr. Grey to Anastasia, as she ended the avowal of his daughter's attachment to Gathern, and broke to him the intended visit of that suitor to himself. "I will receive him to-morrow. How could you imagine that I should thwart her? Think, a whole year of calmness—unruffled. I have every hope!" He walked excitedly up and down the library.

"Had you not, this marriage would be more than sinful. I look upon it as such, as it is, but of course—"

Mr. Grey raised his head.

"We can only see our way darkly," said he, and the stern brow relaxed, "we must hope, we must trust."

These conferences were always agony to Anastasia Grey, and this one ended as they all did, with mute prayers, tremulous hopes and faith which scarcely dared to call itself faith. The "noble army of martyrs" is not yet complete about heaven's throne. There are fires worse than those on which the saints of old perished, tortures beside which the antique deaths are peaceful in comparison, and darkness, earthly darkness, which only the light about that throne shall disperse. A cynic said once of Mr. Grey's misery that he would "rather suffer than stagnate." He, that cynic, whose choice this was, had never suffered.

God help us all, and send us better guides! The lamps of heaven are filled with earthly oil, and burn but dimly.

Gathern was of Swedish origin on the maternal side, and had the reserve peculiar to that people. Americanised into sociability to a certain degree by association, there still remained an undercurrent of *hauteur*, which at times was very apparent, and it was this that Hugh Stewart now encountered in his attempts to make Gathern his friend.

About this time one of those rivers of wealth which ripple through our land—favored of heaven, and smiled on by its angels—engrossed the attention of all. Gathern had made a venture, and set a small bark afloat upon this stream, but the tiny boat was slight in its proportions, that it was strange indeed how it prospered, and how, with the incredible rapidity which marked this peculiar source of enrichment, he found himself suddenly a wealthy man. Little did he suspect what hand had helped the reluctant venture, made that he might feel that he had neglected no hope of being able to match with Berenice in riches, as well as in birth and breeding.

Mr. Grey's consent having been given—with what sinking of heart Berenice little knew—for she was unconscious of the curse upon her, the preparations for the marriage were hurried on, and the young couple went smiling to their doom.

Have you ever seen the illustrations of Faust, reader mine, by the immortal artist to whom we owe the exquisite Francesca di Rimini? Do you remember how the devil in the garden sneers beside Margaret's nurse, as the lovers walk before them? The fiend has not a more diabolic face than Hugh Stewart wore at the moment when the bridal benediction was pronounced. He exchanged a rapid glance with Selina Talford, whose face mirrored his own, but had an odd ashen look, singularly suggestive of something like remorse.

What would not a word of warning to Berenice herself have effected a single hour before? The curse might, it is true, have suddenly developed itself in all its awful power, but she would not have plunged her lover with herself into depths from which the human soul is powerless to emerge till an eternal hand has been stretched forth in mercy.

A few days after the wedding Hugh Stewart presented himself at the house of Mr. Grey and asked for Miss Talford. He passed into the reception room, and abstracted one letter from a package he held in his hand. Selina's eyes sparkled with an unwonted light when she descended. What did she hope? what did she wish, as she entered and extended a hand too icy to be indicative of calmness?

They had done their evil work. Their silence had been an all-sufficient crime to darken the lives of either. Had there been an atom of remorse in Hugh Stewart's monstrous soul its pangs must already have begun to make themselves felt. Remorse! with what a laugh he would have heard the word. Love, even unrequited, has a gentle influence over some lives of which it is the angel, though the gentle spirit may throughout those lives veil its lovely face, but what he called love had been the devil of Stewart's existence. The serpent of revenge trailed its vile length over that dark heart, and made the world hideous to him.

And his accomplice? What of her? She looked up into his face, and if she had been human towards another woman, there must have been pity for a look like that, even in the soul so like her own.

"Replace these letters carefully where you found them," said Stewart to her, handing back the package of letters, the perusal of which had afforded him so much satisfaction on the night when Berenice had dismissed him. "I know all now. I have investigated all. I have no further use for them."

"Do you remain here, now that Berenice is gone?" said he, after a moment's pause.

Selina's heart beat quickly. "Yes," replied she, "Mr. Grey and Miss Anastasia wish that I should take her place."

"I trust that your naturally noble and grateful nature will requite them properly," sneered Stewart.

The girl turned paler if possible than before. The greenish eyes instinctively lowered their lids, and the feline mouth, which marred the symmetry of the otherwise perfect features, and nullified the effect of the faultless complexion, and of the graceful though slight form, quivered wickedly; but the quiver passed away and a strange smile that suggested some subtle inner motive of self-suppression, rose in its place. Her evil patience had not done its work.

"I may as well bid you good-bye," resumed Stewart carelessly, and well the torturer knew what hopes he was about to blast. "I think of trying Europe now."

"How long shall you be gone?" gasped Selina.

"I do not know. A caprice sends me away and may bring me back, but I have no plans. Life is loathsome to me here." He seemed to speak the last words involuntarily.

"You love her still, then?" said Selina with a stifled sob.

"Love her! Little do you know me. *How* I love her now is what she has yet to learn."

"Hugh Stewart, I would to heaven I had never seen you! Ours has been hideous work."

"Do, say not 'ours,' say yours. The evil was in you to do, I am only the accident that made it germinate. But it will bring forth fruit—"

"Sweet to you, and bitter to me."

They parted then, and Selina Talford knew that she had stained her own soul uselessly, that her plotting would fail to make her the wife of her dark accomplice.

* * * * *

The winter passed, Stewart returned, and the house of Murray Gathern was open to a host of fashionable friends. His wife looked very beautiful to those who saw nothing wild in that strange face, but the glassy glitter of the eyes, the singular nervousness of some gestures, repressed instantaneously however, could not fail to strike the calm observer. Gathern was very pale. His face was that of a man striving against some strange perplexity, some intensely painful, yet undetermined thought. He would sigh at intervals as if a load upon his breast could not pass away.

Before the guests had begun to arrive Miss Anastasia appeared, richly attired in dark brocade, and wearing Gathern's gift; a set of the choicest cameos. She, too, looked anxious.

"Is Miss Talford with you?" asked Gathern.

"I have brought her. She is still in the carriage. Her bouquet, I believe, is unfastened, she—"

"Tell me," said Gathern, "do you like that girl?" He laid his hand on Anastasia's arm.

Miss Grey hesitated.

"You do not, you cannot, you are like me. I have watched her face during the recital of the most startling facts. I have purposely talked of crimes before her, to rouse some befitting emotion. She is deficient in the natural attributes of humanity. She has no indignation."

"She is friendless."

Further conversation with respect to Selina was prevented by her entrance. She glanced from Miss Grey to Gathern. Perhaps she felt an atmosphere of dislike.

Berenice, who had passed through the rooms, surveying them, now returned. The singular queenliness of this woman, which had been less conspicuous in the airy textures suited to her girlhood, shone majestically in the rich white silk which swept around her, and the bandeau of diamonds, trembling in the brilliant light, suited well with her imperious eyes.

Among the guests a lovely woman fluttered in, all roses and lace. The lace was real, but the roses were not. Somehow, when a woman paints, she manages to daub up her character, and Mrs. Kate Dashly had begun to be "talked about." As she was a new acquaintance, however, to Mrs. Gathern, and as the slanderous assertions—which had probably some occult association with the *rose de chine* upon her cheek—were confined—as is very generally the case—to her personal friends, Mrs. Gathern was not aware that she was receiving that most dangerous of all possible associates, a married flirt.

Mrs. Kate Dashly's last *protégé* had been a consumptive poet. Lawrence Hereford had grasped the celestial fire, but it had reduced his heart to ashes. He died unappreciated, fameless. His had been a sincere friendship for Mrs. Dashly, far more platonic however than that wicked little woman cared to admit, for one of her favorite fictions was to represent every one as absolutely desperate in the wildness of the passion which she habitually inspired, she being meantime a "snowy-vestured" and unattainable angel who hovered in immaculate purity above their insane dreams. Hereford left a letter which she declared "rather touching," thanking her for what her friendship had done for him in society, and breathing the enthusiastic gratitude of the poet's heart. She had "quite wept" she declared, over it, but Hereford having "died out just at the beginning of the season," Mrs. Dashly's occupation was gone," and the consumptive cough which had been, she had always said, "so interesting," being heard no more, she was in one of those singularly dangerous phases of her existence, "looking out for some one to flirt with."

Enthusiasm had rather prayed upon her nerves of late, and she had resolved that the next victim should be of a more adamantine character than the individual who now stood in her mental category of admirers as "that poor devil of a poet."

I really do not think Mrs. Dashly's victims suffered a great deal, and have often felt considerable doubt whether the impressions made by the beautiful Kate were quite so tragically deep as she appeared to imagine, but certain it is that a woman like Mrs. Dashly, heartless, frivolous, vain and empty-headed, could no more live without the excitement of flirtation than Abd-El-Kader without opium, and that the mischief which delighted her was as great as could have been effected by a really depraved woman, who would like herself have "kept on the safe side," as she repeatedly declared in her giddy phraseology.

On the evening of Mrs. Gathern's reception, which was of a musical character, Mrs. Dashly had rehearsed all her songs, and toned herself up to the exact coloring of her portrait by S——, painted to serve as a model of the most becoming tinge. She now shone upon the guests assembled by Berenice, and in all her usual irresistibility.

Gathern was a man who never looked for heartlessness in any one. Wickedness was a shock to him, and he always believed every one good till glaring proof showed them to be otherwise. Except in the single instance of undisguised repugnance towards Selina Talford, I do not think that he ever did an unkind act in his life. He slighted her, and she hated him.

It was not therefore without a certain degree of satisfaction, that the fair Selina watched the spreading of Mrs. Dashly's glittering net of fascination over the unsuspecting Gathern. Murray loved his wife, and was in no more danger from the brilliant dame in question, than if he had been by nature afflicted with blindness and deafness, but even Selina Talford was appalled by the wild glare of Berenice's eyes as she marked Kate Dashly in the full tide of her usual innocent amusement.

It was precisely one of those little scenes which would have delighted the cynical Stewart, which amuse us in modern comedy and terrify us in the drama of real life.

Kate sat at the piano. The light of a soft lustre—placed over the bust of Pallas Athene, and just at a becoming distance as she had not failed to remark—shone upon the soft contour of her lovely shoulders and arms, ah to the symmetry of which no doubt was allowed to remain in the mind of the gazer. Blue-eyed, blonde-haired, and bewitching, she had trilled forth song after song in a silvery voice, of no more depth than her nature, when the turn for sentiment having come upon her suddenly, she began to sing one of the melodies which she kept, as she said, for "Great occasions."

Gathern, this evening, was the person *at* whom she sang it. The melting look, the tender fluttering of the last words:

"For but one look, one sigh,
This heart of mine,
E'en though in vain it strove,
Was wholly thine;
'Twas but a moment's thought,
A jest to thee.
But, ah! it brought love's pang,
'Twas fate to me."

The whole thing, in fact was complete; but in case Gathern had been vain enough to consider himself the fascinating and heartless party described, he must have wondered on what occasion he had effected the dreadful havoc described, and have considered the fair sufferer to have preserved her spirits and every indication of fortitude to a remarkable degree, under the trying circumstances.

But Berenice could not see the sarcastic smile that quivered under his moustache, though she could see the tender glances of the coquette, and her eyes glared like a panther's about to spring.

"That's only little Dashly's way, you know," said Frank Grier to Miss Anastasia, who knit her brows at the sight. "She's an exasperating woman, and in the interest of her own sex, ought I think, to be imprisoned once in a while in a cage and fed on biscuit and water to keep her spirits down. She is *intensified* to perfection this evening."

Selina now requested Berenice to sing. Mrs. Gathern had resisted the entreaties of her friends during the whole evening, but a strange excitement seemed to be upon her now, and she began to play the symphony to: "Qual cor tradisti," with tremulous fingers.

"Not that duett, Murray, not that, just now, I beg you!" said Miss Anastasia, laying her hand on Gathern's arm. "A little thing may—"

It was too late; Frank Grier, summoned by an imperious gesture from Berenice, stood at the piano, and the duett began. At this moment Hugh Stewart entered the room.

Miss Anastasia, who had been on the point of betraying the horrible secret to Gathern, was stayed by a despairing look from Mr. Grey. The duett went on.

It was one of Mrs. Dashly's little peculiarities, never, if possible, to allow any woman to engross general attention where she could prevent it, and as Berenice's superb mezzo-soprano gushed forth in the words:

"*Crudel Romano, tu sei con me.*"

She found it indispensable to drop her bouquet. Gathern bent and raised it. As he did so, and smilingly restored it to Mrs. Dashly, Berenice's eyes glared more wildly still, and she crashed upon the chords with passionate hands.

"It works," muttered Stewart.

At this moment, a thrilling scream was heard through the room. Berenice had uttered it when the coquette, drawing a flower from her bouquet, extended it to Gathern. Darting from her seat she flew towards the beauty and struck her wildly, then clutching at her throat she held her, and in an instant more, such was her frenzied strength, the flirt would have shared the fate of the canary and the gold fish. Murray Gathern's wife was a maniac.

Amid the dreadful confusion which ensued, the rushing forward of the terrified guests, the crowding round the group formed by Berenice, Mrs. Dashly and Gathern, and the rescue of the coquette from the grasp of the insane woman by Mr. Grey's intervention, a thousand conjectures arose. None guessed at the sudden development of incipent madness, determined by a cause perhaps seemingly insufficient. But, for two years past, Berenice had lived in a state of perpetual excitement. Mental distress during her engagement to Stewart, hope deferred while Gathern hesitated to declare his affection, the uncertainty of her engagement with him being approved by Mr. Grey, many acts which she had generously kept to herself by which Selina had embittered her life, and especially the whirl of excitement in which she had lived since her marriage, had kept up a state of mental and nervous excitement which jealousy had exasperated to its utmost limit.

Many afterwards censured Mr. Grey. He, poor afflicted father, had obstinately hoped against hope. He had striven, blindly striven to believe that many acts—not susceptible of explanation, —done by Berenice, as child and woman, were not in reality other than those eccentricities which sometimes reveal themselves in very marked characters. Even her cruelty to her pets he endeavored to explain away, her stubborn silences, her wild spirits, but above all he had set his faith upon the belief in the improbability of insanity being transmitted by Mrs. Grey to that child, whose birth took place one month after she received the intelligence that a beloved brother had been killed in a duel in Italy. This terrible news—too abruptly made known to her on opening a foreign letter—had been the cause which had, not *created*, but developed madness in Ida, for—though this had been always concealed from Mr. Grey by the guardian of Miss Curtis—the father of Ida still lived, the inmate of a madhouse in Europe. Of this—following a vague clew afforded by Selina Talford, and acquired by her through the base bribing of a servant, who had formerly lived with Mr. Curtis—Hugh Stewart made himself certain while abroad. A word to Gathern, revealing the secret, would have prevented the marriage upon which the remorseless Stewart had determined.

* * * * * * *

The carriage that habitually bears the insane woman through the streets, (for her life will probably endure for years still, like that of her mother, after insanity had declared itself,) passes Hugh Stewart in the street as he walks. It would almost seem as if he knew the days on which the patient rides, and sought to meet it. A livid face glares behind the panes of glass, and hollow eyes look forward, with a stolid gaze unconscious of the world.

This was not all. An idiot child, born into the world to be a curse to itself and an agony to others—for its idiocy is not harmless—still lives also. There are bars upon the room where it grows to a useless manhood.

The letter abstracted from the stolen package by Hugh Stewart—that letter in which Mr. Grey spoke of an earthly hell—accompanied by a certificate proving the insanity of Mr. Curtis, was handed to Murray Gathern on the day that his idiot heir was born.

This heart-broken man—cursed in his love by his wife's madness, in the hopes of a father by the imbecility of his child, broken, gray-haired and lonely of heart, is without an aim in life. But better were ages like that than one year of the lives of that man and that woman who worked out this issue.

Hugh Stewart had wished for *more than revenge*, and he had had it.

DOUGLAS JERROLD, discussing one day with Mr. Selby the vexed question of adapting dramatic pieces from the French, that gentleman insisted upon claiming some of his characters as original creations. "Do you remember my baroness in 'Ask No Questions?'" said Selby. "Yes, indeed; I don't think I ever saw a piece of yours without being struck by your barrenness," was the retort.

FRIENDSHIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart; so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel; thy own friend, and thy father's friend forsake not."—*Proverbs.*

Oft when an idle, dreaming child,
Involved in fancies vague and wild,
And wont in rapt delight to pore
On legends old of fairy lore,
I read and loved to deem it truth
Of Fortunatus, royal youth;
Above the common toiling crowd
By fairy friends so far endowed,
Who kind that magic purse bestowed
Which lavished ever still o'erflowed.

Ah! happy youth! Oh! envied lot!
Was still my eager childish thought,
"What rapture thus to hold the power
Of boundless good from hour to hour;
To still the orphan's cry for bread,
To lift the widow's drooping head
This charmed balsam to impart,
To heal each needy careworn heart."

My childish dreams have long passed by,
Remembered with a smile, a sigh;
A smile to think how fair each dream,
A sigh how hopeless now they seem.

But yesterday methought I learned
Its hidden purport, and discerned
That with a meaning slightly new,
That bright old tale indeed was true.

He to whom haply gracious Heaven,
In pity to mankind hath given,
A soul whence sympathy o'erflows
For others' joys, for others' woes,
And lips to comfort and to cheer
The heart oppressed with doubt and fear,
He doth possess that magic store,
Which still expended, still is more.

Such souls have power to soothe and bless,
Each human pang of sharp distress,
Ready by cordial smile and voice
With the rejoicing to rejoice,
Nor less the holy precept keep
Gently to weep with those who weep.

Thy warmest gratitude be given,
With humble heart to pitying Heaven,
That in life's most o'erclouded day,
Just such a one should cross my way.

JULIA S. TUTWILER.

A LIGHT AND A DARK CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

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CHAPTER I.

THE SCAPEGOAT.

It was a green Christmas; bright, lovely, almost as warm as spring; and as the congregation of a small rustic church in Worcestershire, but a very few miles removed from its chief town, wended their way to their respective homes, they congratulated each other on the weather as much as on the festal day. Everybody had walked to church: there was no necessity for bringing out carriages on a day such as this.

Everybody except one. An old gentleman of eighty years, ruddy and healthy in face still, but weakened in limbs, came out leaning on a lady's arm; a tall, slender woman, with a sharp, pale face, and keen, dark eyes. It was Sir Bede Clavering. Those belonging to his party, except this lady, had walked on: but close by the waiting pony carriage stood one of his grandsons, a young man of tall stature and light hair, whose fair fresh Saxon face, with its good-natured blue eyes, were something pleasant to look upon. He had waited, he so tall and strong, to assist his grandfather into the carriage; but the lady before mentioned looked round impatiently, as if wishing for some other to give the help.

"Take care, Tom; the other leg up."

"Shall I drive you, sir?" asked the young man, when he had placed him carefully in.

"Aye, do; my hands are cold."

But the lady interposed. She pushed the questioner aside; not rudely, but with cool, indifferent hauteur; and stepped in herself. He did not appear in the least resentful; he had been used to nothing but contemptuous indifference all his life; and he arranged her petticoats with as much assiduous attention to her comfort as he had evinced for that of Sir Bede.

"I was not aware you intended to go with Sir Bede yourself, Lady Lydia," he remarked, his tone one of courteous apology.

"There, that will do," she said, cutting him short. "Give me the reins."

"No," interposed Sir Bede, who retained all his old detestation of being driven by a woman. "Give them to me, Tom. I'll drive myself, Lydia."

With a flourish of the whip, and a cheery bow to the few peasantry, who had been waiting to watch the departure, Sir Bede Clavering and his widowed daughter-in-law drove off. Not at a quick pace; many acquaintances were waiting for a word; Sir Bede nodded to one, called out a kindly greeting to another, stopped to shake hands with a third. Altogether it was some little time before he and Lady Lydia were clear of the church-yard.

The fine young man with the Saxon curls and the long legs had strode well away by that time. Overtaking two ladies, evidently mother and daughter, by the likeness, nice-looking women with clearly-cut features and complexions of delicate bloom, he stopped to speak.

"Mrs. Orde, I wish you a merry Christmas."

Mrs. Orde turned.

"Is it you, Tom Clavering? Thank you; I wish you the same."

Her tone was not a cordial one: the best that could be said of it was that it was coldly civil: in her treatment of him she seemed to have taken a leaf out of Lady Lydia Clavering's book. The young lady, Miss Orde, did not speak at all; but she glanced shyly at the intruder, an involuntary smile of welcome in her rich brown eyes, a flush deepening to carmine on her pretty cheeks.

Tom Clavering just touched her hand.

"And a very merry Christmas to *you*, Millicent," he said, in a low tone, as he walked on by her side.

The little carriage came rattling up, and Sir Bede checked the pony.

"What has taken Orde to-day, that he was not at church?" he called out.

Mrs. Orde went round to the baronet's side.

"Oh, Sir Bede, I am sorry to say that he is ill. It is one of his old bilious attacks. We left him in bed."

"In bed!" echoed Sir Bede. "That won't do at all; you know we dine at five, sharp; he must not fail us."

"I hope not; I hope he will be better by that time."

Lady Lydia's keen, dark eyes were taking in everything—as they had a habit of doing. Tom Clavering was talking to Miss Orde, and she noted that the young lady's face was flushed, and her eyes were cast down, as she listened. Lady Lydia Clavering drew in her thin lips: she did not like the signs. But at that moment there came up one from the opposite direction, one who could always dispel the gloom on her face—her eldest and best-beloved son.

He was very much like his mother; tall, thin, dark, and with the same keen eyes and compressed lips. His black moustache was rather fierce, even for a soldier, very fierce indeed for those days when such ornaments were not common, and he had a fashionable, worn, dissipated look. But Captain Clavering was popular with his friends; and it seemed that he must get leave twice to every other officer's once for he was always coming down.

"Jarvis," began Sir Bede to him, "why were you not at church to-day?"

"I overslept myself, sir."

"Overslept yourself! Well, I don't know. I asked after you before I came out, and Jones told me you were up, and letter-writing in your room. I choose everybody about me to go to church on a Christmas-day. I thought you knew that."

Jarvis Clavering slowly raised his hat by way of response: a keen observer—which Sir Bede was not—might have seen a covert scorn in the action. With a hearty adieu to Mrs. and Miss Orde, Sir Bede drove on.

The young Claverings—Jarvis was seven-and-twenty, Tom three years younger—walked along with Mrs. and Miss Orde. In a sort of group at first; but as the road narrowed they separated: Mrs. Orde was by the side of Captain Clavering, Millicent behind with Tom. And Lady Lydia, although she ostensibly had her back to them, bowling on in the direction of Beechhurst, saw the position just as well as Mrs. Orde saw it. It did not continue long; for at the entrance of an enclosed grove, Mrs. Orde turned off, wishing the young men good morning.

Turning down an avenue of beeches nearly opposite, they went on towards the house, Beechhurst. A large, old-fashioned mansion, very roomy, and built of red brick. Not a word spoke the young men to each other; Tom's intelligent eye was noting all points as they walked, with the air of one who knows well every inch of the land; the officer looked out straight before him, seeing nothing. He was buried in thought; and not pleasant thought. As they came in view of a small comfortable-looking dwelling, he raised his fingers towards it.

"Go across and tell Simmons I shall want him to go out with me betimes to-morrow morning. And to mind that he brings my own gun, this time."

There was supercilious command in every tone of the voice, in every gesture of the raised hand. Tom Clavering obeyed like a child, showing no resentment. He was half-way through the scattered trunks of the bare trees when a thought seemed to strike him and he turned round.

"*To-morrow* morning, Jarvis?"

"I said to-morrow morning. Can't you hear?"

Lady Lydia Clavering met her son in the hall—the large, spacious hall in which, at the far end, a wood fire was playing. Clutching at his arm as one who is in anger or pain, she drew him to this fire; and they stood there, ostensibly warming their hands before going in to luncheon. She spoke to him eagerly, impressively; but so quietly that a servant passing could scarcely have noticed that her lips moved.

"You vex me every hour of your existence, Jarvis. Why are you not more cautious? You fly in the face of Sir Bede's prejudices in the most foolish, reckless manner possible. To think you should have stopped away from church!"

"A man worried as I am has no fancy for church, or for anything else," returned Captain Clavering in a half indifferent, half sullen tone. "As to studying the old man's prejudices—whether I study them or whether I don't, it seems to come to the same thing: no money. Have you asked him again?"

"It's not likely. If I were to enter upon business matters to-day, he would only stop me. Jarvis, indeed I don't think I shall be able to get it. I have had so much from him for you that I am driven to my very wit's end to invent excuses for its use. I can't say it's for Louisa this time, because she's here, and he might ask her about it himself; neither can I say it is for Reginald, for the same reason. In these scarce visits that Reginald pays us, I am kept in a state of chronic terror, lest Sir Bede should speak to him and discover that he knows nothing of the sums of money he is supposed to have drawn. Jarvis, I only speak the truth when I say I do *not* think I can obtain money for you this time."

Captain Clavering lifted his shapely boot and pushed a falling log on to the blazing hearth. "I *must* have it; I can't do without it. It would be ruin and double ruin."

"Why don't you make better play with Millicent Orde?"

"*Why* don't I! You must ask that question of her, my lady. She is a vast deal more inclined to make play with the goat, than she is with me. I have always said it."

"Paha!" irritably spoke Lady Lydia. "That is perfectly absurd, Jarvis; and you know it. *He* mate with Millicent Orde!"

"I know that she likes him, and that she does not like me."

"Don't talk so loud. I tell you, you might as well accuse her of liking her father's bailiff. You—what did you say, Jones?" broke off Lady Lydia, as a servant came out of the dining room, and spoke.

"Luncheon is waiting, my lady, and Sir Bede is asking for you."

Lady Lydia gave a final rub to her hands and went into the dining room. But for the man to have said "Luncheon is waiting," was a figure of speech. Sir Bede Clavering never waited lunch for anybody, and he had nearly finished now. It was only simple fare: they had breakfasted at nine and would dine at five. The table was small and appeared rather crowded; but Lady Lydia's own place at the head was left vacant. All Sir Bede's descendants, save Tom Clavering, not yet come in, were gathered there. He had no children living; these were *their* children and grandchildren.

Two fine young men of nineteen years—they were twins—were next to him, Bede and Charles, the sons of his eldest son. Jarvis, Reginald, and Louisa were the children of Lady Lydia; Reginald, a short, slight young man, quiet and steady, a barrister in chambers. Louisa was the wife of Colonel Letsom, and the three little children on the other side the table were hers. All had come, as usual, to Sir Bede for Christmas. Captain Clavering, who had followed his mother in, looked out for a seat.

"You children must sit closer together," remarked Lady Lydia. "They might have taken their luncheon up stairs, Louisa: they are going to dine with us. Make room for your Uncle Jarvis."

"You can have my seat, Jarvis," interposed Sir Bede, taking his stick to help him from the room. Jarvis, who was feeling very cross, said something about hoping the dinner-table would not be crowded: one or two of *his* friends might be dropping in unexpectedly.

"The dinner-table is always large enough," said Lady Lydia. "In case of an unexpected guest coming in, Tom Clavering must quit it and dine below."

"I'll be shot if he shall!" exclaimed young Bede, with all the authority of the baronet's heir. It is Christmas-day, Aunt Lydia, and Tom shall have his place at table for once as well as the rest of us. What would Millicent Orde say?"

He threw out this little shaft mischievously. Lady Lydia's flushed face betrayed her annoyance, but she would not appear to notice it; and Tom Clavering came in. Nobody moved, nobody made room for him. Tom settled the matter by lifting one of the little Letsoms, sitting down in the chair himself, and putting the child on his knee. Social, cordial, ever pleasant, it was impossible to help liking Tom Clavering, and the little thing laughed in glee, and put its fat arm up to the smiling Saxon face.

Later, Lady Lydia went up to Sir Bede's room. She was in the habit of sitting with him almost constantly. There had been some trouble latterly with poachers on the estate, and in talking of it (did she lead to it artfully and purposely?) Sir Bede grew quite excited. About half-past four she went down stairs again; Tom Clavering was then standing over the hall fire, and she told him it was Sir Bede's pleasure that he and Simmons, the game-keeper, should be on the watch that night in the oak coppice.

Tom Clavering was surprised. Sir Bede was one who not only liked to enjoy Christmas heartily himself, but that others should enjoy it. He inquired whether Lady Lydia was not mistaken.

"Not in the least," she decisively answered. "Something has come to Sir Bede's knowledge about guns and snares being laid there: and this evening, when all the world is supposed to be indoors, making merry, will be their opportunity. With the best haste you can make, starting now, you and Simmons will not get to the oak coppice before dark. There's not a minute to be lost!"

"But Sir Bede does not wish me to go now?—before dinner?"

"Sir Bede wishes you and expects you to go *at once*," was the rejoinder. "It has not come to the pass yet, I hope, of your disobeying *him*."

"[illegible] disobeyed him yet, Lady Lydia; or wished to do it," was the young man's answer, as he turned to the staircase. "I'll change my coat and go."

Lady Lydia said no more. Her eldest son was coming in at the hall door with one of the friends whom he had mentioned as expecting, and she turned to greet them. Tom continued his way. As he was passing his grandfather's door, the baronet opened it, looked out, and saw him.

"Is that you, Tom? What's the time?"

"It wants about twenty minutes to five, sir."

"Is it so late as that? Come and help me to get my coat on. I shall have Orde here. I begin to think sometimes, Tom," added the old man as he walked across his sitting room to his bed chamber, "that I shall be reduced to the effeminacy of taking a valet in my old age. My legs and arms won't serve me much longer."

"Make a valet of me, sir. You might let me help you more than you do."

"I don't like to give in, Tom; that's it; I have waited on myself all my life. Sit down at the fire until I've washed my hands: you can put the water out for me. You are ready yourself, I see."

"Ready for what, sir?" asked the young man, not understanding.

"Ready for what?—why for dinner."

"But I can't dine to-day, sir. I am going on the watch at once with Simmons, as you desired."

"Going on the watch with Simmons," echoed the baronet, turning his fine old face in wonder on the speaker. "On the watch on a Christmas night! No, no, my boy; nobody belonging to me does that. What put such a thing in your head?"

"Lady Lydia has just told me—." Tom Clavering stopped. He was a true gentleman at heart, and not even in this case, barefaced though it was, would he take his own part. "That is," he resumed, "I understood Lady Lydia to say you wished me to go with Simmons to-night. Perhaps she misunderstood."

"You must have misunderstood between you. Send my people on the watch on a Christmas night!" repeated Sir Bede. "I'm not a heathen."

"Lady Lydia said something about guns in the oak coppice. What have you heard, sir?"

"What I've heard will keep till to-morrow, Tom. She ought not to have begun about it to-day; she knows it's a subject that worries me. *She* heard it; I didn't. There, that will do. See if you can give my hair a brush. I think it must be a touch of rheumatism that I've got in this arm, Tom; I can't lift it; and it has become worse since the morning."

A smart knock at the door, and Lady Lydia entered. Sir Bede attacked her at once about the misunderstanding, and told her that she ought to have known better than suppose he should allow any of his people, whether grandchildren or retainers, to go out on the cold watch on a Christmas night.

Tom Clavering quitted the room. He had scarcely gained the hall below when he heard himself called to. Lady Lydia, her pale face flushed to anger, her eye blazing with fiery pride was following after him.

"How *dared* you carry tales to Sir Bede?" she exclaimed. "You, a dependent, a serpent—for that's what you are—presume to interfere and try to set aside my orders—and Sir Bede's!"

"You are mistaken, Lady Lydia. I did not intentionally—"

"Be silent, sir; I will hear nothing. As you are afraid of a little night cold for yourself and Simmons, you can go and share his hearth with him this evening; you don't dine in my presence. One of us must be absent from the table, you or I."

"Very well, Lady Lydia. I will not intrude upon you."

He went straight out at the hall door. Really with no purposed intention, but in the moment's vexation. Even he, sweet tempered though he was, patiently submissive as he had been trained to be, could be angered at times, when the injustice heaped upon him was very great. A few paces from it, he encountered a footman and recognised him, in the evening's darkness, for one of the servants at the Hall.

"What is it, Mark?"

"I'm bringing this note from Mrs. Orde, sir. My master is quite unable to come out this evening. They are very sorry it should have happened so."

"Are none of them coming?"

"No, sir; they intend to dine quietly at home," was the man's reply, as he went on with the note.

"I'll go and ask them to give me some dinner," quoth Tom to himself, his blue eyes breaking into an amused smile. "All happens for the best."

Sir Bede Clavering had been a soldier, and had worked his way upward to fortune and fame. At a comparatively early age he returned from India, his fortune made, a baronetcy bestowed upon him for valued services rendered there. We are writing of many many years ago; you will find so as you read on; and fortunes were more quickly made in India then than they are now. Looking out for a place to settle down in, Sir Bede bought this one Beechhurst, and became a resident in the fairest of all the midland counties. But no sooner had he taken up his abode there than his wife died. He had three sons; Ingram, Geoffry, and Reginald. The two elder had no profession; Ingram was the heir; Geoffry—called Geoff always—made himself useful on the estate; Reginald entered the army. The first of the three to marry was the youngest, Reginald. He married the Lady Lydia Riley, the proud and portionless daughter of a poor Irish peer. The second to marry was Geoff, some three years afterwards, but it was a very different sort of marriage from his brother's, and the whole family set their faces against it and against him. He had married the daughter of an obscure, humble farmer; and though he continued to overlook the estate as heretofore, he was forthwith regarded as an alien. The only one who countenanced him at all was Sir Bede; he apportioned him a cottage on the estate to live in, and agreed to allow him a salary for his services. So Geoffry Clavering left Beechhurst; but before the twelvemonth was over he was back again, a widower, and a dying man. His wife had died in giving birth to a son, and Geoffry was dying of a gunshot wound, received accidentally when out with a shooting party three or four months before. It had penetrated to the lungs; there had been some lasting injury, and Geoff was gradually dying. "You had better come back to Beechhurst, Geoff," Sir Bede had said at the wife's funeral, which he attended with his eldest son. "You'll get taken care of at home, and now that the poor young thing's gone—and Geoff, my boy, *I* never disliked her—there's nobody to do anything for you [illegible] fry went home, with his baby of a fortnight old wrapped in a shawl. "Bless the child," exclaimed Sir Bede, "I forgot him. Well, the women servants must bring him up; there's plenty of 'em. What's his name, Geoff?" "His name's Tom," replied Geoff; "she was anxious about it before she died, and I had it done." "Thomas you mean, I suppose," said Sir Bede. "No, I mean Tom," returned Geoff. "It was done in a hurry one night, you see, in her room; and when the parson asked me what name, I said 'Tom;' and Tom he was called. I didn't recollect the mistake until afterwards. It won't matter, father; Tom's as good a name for him as any other." "No, it won't matter," said the baronet. "What does he live upon, Geoff?—sop?" "He lives upon barley-water and milk," answered Geoff; "he won't cost much."

Geoffry Clavering died, leaving the poor little child at Beechhurst as a legacy. Soon after that, Lady Lydia and her three young children arrived on a long visit, Reginald having gone on foreign service. Nothing could exceed Lady Lydia's astonishment at finding a baby at Beechhurst! She resented it in secret as a personal affront, an innovation on the rights of her own babies; and could she have decently consigned the child to the Workhouse, it had assuredly been done. Her visit grew into a permanent one; Sir Bede, easy and good-natured, was glad to have his absent son's wife and children there; and it is probable that he felt the benefit of Lady Lydia's management, for Beechhurst had become full of discomfort, lacking a mistress. However it may have been, she did stop, and ruled the household with as sure a rule as though she had been its legal mistress. Sir Bede insensibly yielded to her sway, and she might have boasted that she could turn him round her little finger. It was she who kept down Tom Clavering. He had been reared as a dependent, not as a son; taught to look upon himself as an interloper who was just kept there out of charity, but who must never expect to be regarded as one of the family. Sir Bede insensibly fell into the snare; habit is strong; the neighborhood fell into it; Tom himself fell into it. He was kept away at school as much as possible, but in the holidays he had to submit to constant neglect and slights; and he learnt humility.

Lady Lydia might have taught it him in a more complete manner still, might have banished him for ever, but that one fact held her back and prevented her going too far. Tom Clavering was connected with Squire Orde of the Hall, their nearest neighbor and Sir Bede's very good friend. Squire Orde, when a young man, had married the elder daughter of the same poor farmer, the sister of her who subsequently became Geoffry Clavering's wife, consequently Tom was his nephew. Mrs. Orde had died early as her sister had done; and when the squire made a second and a grander marriage, he grew to be ashamed of that first foolish one. But he could not quite ignore the relationship of Tom, and the boy got a habit of running in and out at will; of making himself tolerably at home at the Hall. The second Mrs. Orde liked him, did not object to see her little daughter, the squire's only child, make him her favorite playfellow. But now—*now*, when the years had gone on, and Tom was grown into as attractive a young man as could be seen on a summer's day, Mrs. Orde's fears had taken alarm. Possibly they had been craftily awakened by Lady Lydia, for we rarely see these things of ourselves. Millicent Orde and her twenty thousand pounds would be a rare prize for the dependent, Tom Clavering: but a prize that he was not going to get. Lady Lydia had private views of her own in the matter, and so had her eldest son; her fashionable, spendthrift son, Captain Clavering.

But it should have been mentioned that other changes had come to Beechhurst. Sir Bede's eldest son had married a wealthy heiress; she bore him two sons, twins, and when in later years these two young lads were left orphans, they also came home to Beechhurst to be under the guardianship of Lady Lydia and Sir Bede, the eldest of them being the heir to the title and estate. Major Clavering had also fallen in India, and Lady Lydia was a widow. It made no difference to her, she was neither the poorer nor the richer for it; only it seemed to establish her more firmly, if that were possible, at Beechhurst, for she had no other home now in the wide world, or chance of one. So that, you see, though Sir Bede's sons were dead, their children all found a home at Beechhurst, permanently or occasionally. Lady Lydia had had a covert fight—and it was not yet over—for the perpetual banishment of Tom, when he left school. Sir Bede for once was obstinate; he kept him at home, and made him the overlooker of the estate. There was nobody so fit for it, he said to Lady Lydia; look how he had been robbed and imposed upon since poor Geoff died; Tom would do it as well as Geoff had done; he had got his head on his shoulders the right way. Lady Lydia had perforce to submit for a time. For a time only, she repeated to herself; it should not be for long; he should be sent adrift. In vain she begged and implored her own two sons in secret, first one and then the other, to take the office of overlooker on themselves. Jarvis simply stroked his black moustache in astonished superciliousness; *he* an overlooker! a bailiff! Reginald replied that he knew nothing about land and its management—which was true—and that his tastes lay in quite a different line of life.

And so the years had gone on. But that things were approaching to a crisis in more ways than one, there could be little doubt. Captain Jarvis Clavering was getting into deep water—was in it, indeed—and there appeared to be no why of extricating him but by some grand *coup de main*—such as espousing a wealthy heiress. The heiress was at hand, and a very charming and loveable heiress too; and Captain Clavering made no end of visits to Beechhurst on her secret account. But he did not seem to make much way with her; and a horrible fear had recently fallen upon Lady Lydia that she loved the poor scapegoat—the name he had gone by amidst them for years—the dependent, Tom Clavering.

And now let us go on. Tom, laughing outright at the turn affairs had taken that evening, strode on. *He* knew, if nobody else did, that Lady Lydia's chief motive for wishing to banish him from the dinner table was because Millicent Orde would be at it. He knew that the bitter, snappish tone, which had characterized her ladyship's recent manner to him, arose from her fear as to Millicent. That he loved Millicent with his whole soul, Tom Clavering's beating heart told him only too well. What was to be its ending? He knew not. He knew that he might just as well attempt to aspire to a Royal Princess as to the squire's daughter.

When Mr. Orde had found in the [illegible] was hastily prepared at home; his wife and daughter declining to leave him. They were sitting down to it—Mr. Orde being up and with them—when Tom Clavering entered. Everyone looked surprised: Millicent blushed scarlet.

"Will you give me some dinner, sir?"

"If you want any," returned the squire. "And welcome. Anything the matter at Beechhurst?"

"I have offended Lady Lydia—no unusual thing—and she forbid my sitting down. I thought as it was Christmas-day—perhaps you'd take me in."

He spoke in a half jesting, half serious tone. The servant put a chair for him next to Millicent. Two maiden ladies, cheerful and talkative, sat opposite, old friends: when Mrs. Orde found she was going to eat her Christmas dinner at home, she sent for them.

Squire Orde, who had only come into the dining room to carve, he said, protesting he could not touch a bit, ventured at length on a morsel of turkey. It tasted so good that he took a larger piece, and then another and another. His aching head seemed to grow better as if by magic, and he soon felt as well as ever he did in his life. These impromptu meetings are often more gay than premeditated ones. Have you ever noticed that? It was the case here. You remember the remark of the old Vicar of Wakefield, in reference to their last recorded festive meeting: "I don't know whether we had more wit amongst us than usual, but we had certainly more laughter." The laughter at the squire's table that night might have been heard half way to Beechhurst. Every countenance was happy, every heart at rest: it was one of the merriest Christmasses spent that day within the three kingdoms, let the other be where it might: a season to be remembered with a thrill; an hour that would stand out as one of unalloyed pleasure, amid the stern realities, the dull cares of later years.

"What are you thinking of, Millicent?" asked the squire of his daughter, when their guests had finally departed, and he was lighting the bed candles.

Millicent woke out of her reverie with a start. "Papa, I was thinking how very happy we have been to-night. I was wondering if anything could ever look cloudy again."

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN CLAVERING TRIUMPHANT.

Anything ever look cloudy again! On New Year's Day, only eight days after, the reception room of Squire Orde were ablaze with light. It was his annual custom to give a large dinner on the first day of the new year, twenty-four guests generally being invited, as many as his dining-room would conveniently hold. On this night there were but twenty-two; two of the expected guests not having made their appearance—Tom Clavering and Sir Bede. Sir Bede, feeling ill, had sent his apology by his family, all of whom were there; for Tom little was said: he was too insignificant for words to be wasted on. Captain Clavering, stroking his handsome moustache, made a supercilious remark in Millicent's hearing, to the effect that Sir Bede found Tom

could be no longer tolerated—and that was all. Millicent listened with a bright eye and a smiling face; but her heart within her was sick with disappointment.

They dined at seven; and it was nearly nine ere the ladies quitted the dining-room. Millicent was last, behind her mother. Captain Clavering whispered something in her ear as she passed, for it was he who bowed them out. She laughed in response; a sufficiently light laugh to listening ears. But her step grew heavy as the door closed, and she lingered considerably behind the rest. A maid glided up as she was about to enter the drawing-room, and put a folded slip of paper in her hand.

"Mr. Tom Clavering is outside, miss. He asked if I could give it you without being seen by the visitors."

"I am going away, Millicent; probably for years, possibly for ever. Will you come out to me for one minute? I am at the grove gate.

"T. C."

She stood underneath the light of the hall lamp, by which she read it; her brain confused, her heart beating with its wild pain. Showing herself first for a minute in the drawing-room, she caught up a woollen shawl and ran out at the hall door. The grove gate was only across the lawn. It was a starlight night, cold and frosty, but she did not at once distinguish any one, for the overhanging trees were very dark at the grove's entrance.

He was leaning on the gate, but he stepped forward as she advanced. Involuntarily, in her deep agitation, she put out both her hands; he clasped and held them fondly to him, his agitation as great as her own.

In these moments of agony—it was nothing less—the mind is for the most part in a state of bewilderment. It was so with Millicent Orde, and but a confused impression remained to her afterwards of the interview, and what was said at it. Perhaps the fault was purely Tom Clavering's: he was less clear than usual, in his angry excitement. Those who had been against him always had done their work at last, he said; had ruined him with Sir Bede, and he was being sent away, Heaven knew where; certainly with little prospect of ever being allowed to return.

She leaned against the gate for support; she would have pardoned him had he taken her to his arms and held her to his bosom's shelter. But Tom Clavering was of an honorable nature, and he dared not. Many and many a time had the warm words of love rashly trembled on his lips: if he had put a restraint on them then, how doubly needful was it that he should do so now! Even his own poor quasi-position in the baronet's household was torn from him at last, and he was being sent into the world adrift, to work for his living. The inconsistency of *his* attempting to aspire to Millicent Orde, was more palpably present to him that night than it had ever previously been.

"But what have you done?" she gasped. "Why are they sending you away?"

"You will hear no end of charges against me," he replied, not directly answering her question—and *that* did strike her clearly. "I don't know that it's of much use asking you to disbelieve them. I was always the scapegoat, you know; I shall be so to the end. I can no longer battle against the stream—and, if I could, what end would it answer? Think of me as friendly as you can, Millicent."

The tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Only tell me, tell me, Tom, that you have done nothing very wrong!" she whispered—

"If I have, they have goaded me to it," was his answer, spoken solely in the moment's reckless irritation; for he attached no meaning to her words, or suspected that she did. "God bless and be with you always, Millicent! I can't stop, and I ought not to keep you out here: but I could not leave without seeing you!"

"Are we to part?—like this?" she wailed, her voice in its anguish rising almost beyond her control.

"Millicent, my darling, don't tempt me! Do you not know what it is costing *me* to part like this?—to stand here and say quietly to you, I am going? Have you not known for some time past that if I had dared— There! I must not go on: another moment, and the temptation to speak will be greater than I can withstand. Circumstances cast a wide barrier between us, and I may not presume to pass it. If there were but the least prospect of my achieving a position; I might say to you 'I will hope,' without forfeiting all honor: but there is none, and I do not."

She put out her trembling hands once more; she lifted her streaming eyes to his. The temptation was too great, and Tom Clavering bent his face on hers.

"It is but a cousin's kiss, Millicent," he murmured: "we used to call ourselves cousins in sport when we were children. Surely none would grudge it us for the parting: I shall not return until all danger's over."

"Danger?" she breathed.

"The danger that the scapegoat might forget himself by speaking of his love. When you are the wife of a more lucky man than I, I may come back again, Millicent. Never before; no, not though even Beechhurst sent for me."

"You give me up for ever, then?" She spoke in her pain—in the irritation that the words undoubtedly wrought in her.

"I do. I have no other resource. My parting blessing be upon you, Millicent!"

She snatched her hands from his with an angry gesture, and sped away over the lawn, one bitter sob breaking from her lips. A few minutes alone in her own chamber, and then she was in the drawing-room again, apparently the gayest of the gay, whirling in a mazy waltz with Captain Clavering.

The departure of Tom Clavering from Beechhurst excited a few comments of surprise from the neighborhood in general, but they soon died away again. The precise cause or causes of his banishment could not be ascertained, even by Millicent. The truth of the matter was, that it had been brought about by Lady Lydia: and—as you may readily imagine—it was not by any means Lady Lydia's intention that this should be proclaimed. In the week intervening between Christmas-day and the New Year, things had been most uncomfortable at Beechhurst. Lady Lydia was fully determined that Tom Clavering should be got away, and she devoted her whole energies, her great influence to the task. Petty charges were brought against him; trifles in themselves, but magnified into great offences by the manner in which they were told to Sir Bede, and in these there might be some truth. Graver charges, which never could have been substantiated, but which he was not allowed the opportunity to refute, were whispered in Sir Bede's ear. Tom was stung into retaliation. He was insolent to Lady Lydia; he retorted on Captain Clavering; he dared to take a high tone with Sir Bede. The lion within him had been aroused at last; the patient *bearing* of years gave way before a moment's passion. Lady Lydia had been taking her measures quietly, making arrangements in secret; when they were completed she pointed out to Sir Bede how he could go and whither he could go, and then Beechhurst would be in peace. Whether Sir Bede would have consented must remain a doubt, but the climax was destined to be arrived at (unintentionally) by Captain Clavering. On the afternoon of New Year's Day, that gentleman was unwise enough, during Tom's storm of passion, to venture on a word of insult, spoken in his customary cool, supercilious, condescending manner; and Tom knocked the gallant officer down. Sir Bede in his turn was aroused to passion; and he swore that Tom, the scapegoat, should be out of Beechhurst before he went to rest that night. And Tom was so. But nothing of all this was told to the world; and the hints and inuendoes dropped by the interested, imparted a confirmed notion that Tom had been guilty of some crime too bad to be spoken of, and which for the sake of the name he bore had to be hushed up. How near they were to the mark, few guessed.

At the time of the occurrence, none felt more surprise than did Squire Orde. In his secret heart, the squire liked Tom Clavering: but it must in candor be added that he had not the remotest suspicion of any attachment being afloat between him and his daughter. He went over to Beechhurst on the morning after Tom's departure, and came back with a condemning scowl upon his brow.

"What have you learnt?—what has led to the dismissal?" inquired Mrs. Orde of her husband with all a woman's eager curiosity, putting the very questions that Millicent dared not put.

"I can't come to the bottom of it—of what led to his dismissal; they don't seem inclined to speak out. It was a series of general misconduct, I fancy; petty ill-doings, one after another. Lady Lydia says no one can form an idea of what they have had to put up with in him, and how forbearing they have been. But"—and the squire's tones fell to something like fear—"whatever his petty offences might have been, he need not have capped them with a crime."

Millicent's trembling lips parted.

"A crime!" echoed Mrs. Orde.

"He went off with a bag of money belonging to Sir Bede. Stole it from the escritoire."

"No!" burst forth Millicent.

The squire turned his eyes upon her.

"What are you frightened at, child? It does not affect *you*. I called out 'No!' just as you have done, until I heard the facts. But, mark you, though Sir Bede disclosed them to me—I'm the fellow's relative, and that makes a difference—they are not to be made known to other people. Not a hint of it must be breathed abroad; Lady Lydia, incensed as she is against Tom, begged me to bury it in silence, and scared enough she looked over it. As if *I* should speak of it! The disgrace would tell upon the Ordes almost as much as on the Claverings."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Evil.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

V.

school, nor an academy, where white-aproned misses and neatly-jacketed boys write notes to each other and play at studying history, but a *school*. A place where the various progeny of Thomas, Richard and Henry, combed and uncombed, (generally the latter,) do congregate to absorb that mental pabulum where they are to become "the intelligent masses" of the next generation. No! Try it then. Perhaps you would like to do penance, in one lump, for all the sin of which you have been guilty in the past, or expect to be guilty in the time to come. Teach school one year. Choose you a great, swelling, unwieldy public school; do your whole duty in it, and if you are not in heaven before the year is out, it will be because you are endowed with a physical frame stronger than the British constitution. You will learn something. With other useful knowledge, you will learn to the fullest the meaning of the expression "The Great Unwashed." You will find that there is more ferocity and more brutality in human nature than has been dreamed of in your philosophy. The best of children are vicious little animals. Because the moral and intellectual faculties are the very last to be developed. Don't you remember, as a child, how far you were from being the polite, benevolent member of society you are well known to be at present? How hard, how very hard you tried, and how long it was before you could train yourself to keep down that wicked temper of yours. What a little demon you were, to be sure, now you come to think of it, and how you did fight at school! Don't you recollect, too, almost the first thing you can recollect, by-the-way, how you used to scratch and kick whenever you had to be washed. And now you are one of the most graceful, sweet-tempered, elegant persons in the world. The love of truth, love of neatness, love for our fellow-creatures isn't born in us, you see; we have to be educated to all this. Take you now seventy or eighty just such little wretches as you acknowledge yourself to have been, not with a good mother to look after them as you had, but ragged, dirty, unkempt and uncared for as three-fourths of them will be, gather them up out of their native streets, thrust them all together, for the greater part of their waking hours, into the charge of one pale, neglected, half-paid woman, and you will have the kind of school I have known hundreds of good women to wear out their lives in teaching. Nay; I will speak the truth and shame the ——, just such a school as I myself have taught.

There is no danger of your coming out overwise in your own conceit at the end of the penitential year which I have recommended to you. Oh, no! School-teaching will "take the starch out of you," as the country people say of city folks. Your experiences will prove to you that you are a person of very small capabilities indeed. You will find that you need to be all eye, all ear, all patience, and all iron. And it will be well for you, friend, to keep constantly in your remembrance that most practical and serviceable of beatitudes:—"Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed." It will be most comforting. Do your very highest and best. Keep every nerve in your body strained to its utmost tension, crowd on all the intellectual steam in your brain, work in your school all day and dream about it all night; you will need to do all this and more, but be not so crazy as to expect any thanks. Thanks? Expect rather to be blamed, bothered and complained of every day of your life, to have the very soul tormented out of you. Expect this, for this is what will surely happen. Oh! if you could but read some of the letters I have seen, letters from indignant blockheads fulminating their wrath against the unhappy teacher who dared to correct their children.

Suppose, now, that instead of being at the mercy of every drunkard, every ignoramus and fool who is the proprietor of any young rapscallions in your neighborhood, for one year, you were compelled thus to earn your daily bread and butter during your lifetime. Then you would appreciate the beauties of a teacher's existence. Perhaps you have been highly educated. Possibly you have refined tastes and delicate feelings. May be you are even preposterous enough to have nerves, which will quiver all over at the shock of coarseness and insult. Strangle your absurd refinement; tear up your ridiculous sensibilities by the roots. If you don't, your blessed cherubs will soon do it for you. For a school-teacher has no business with feelings, or nerves either. It is likely that you, following your quiet studies, are not very familiar with the real child of practical life. That heretofore you have fancied them something such as the "Dream-Children" of rare, sweet Elia. Alas for you! Mayhap you have thought to be mild and persuasive in your school, that, by the gentle, winning influences of love and moral precepts you would rear the immortal souls committed to your care. Immortal nonsense! You will discover that the fine-spun theories of the "Great Founder of Common Schools" are as so many cobwebs. You will discover, it is hard truth to write, but it is a *true* truth that among the riff-raff of a great city there are children who are constitutional liars, children who are constitutional thieves, and children with the unmistakeable gallows-mark around their throats. We are sorry for the children, but they cannot be other than as they are born. It will hardly do to treat them as sinless little angels. Your faith in moral suasion will speedily go overboard. It will be well if your faith in humanity do not go after it. Your faith in humanity will go after it. If you have a warm, bright heart, and keen, impulsive sympathies, it will go all the swifter, and you will crystallize into something a trifle harder than the pavement under your feet.

Perhaps you have been a bit of an enthusiast. May be you were a democrat, with certain grandiloquent theories about the equality of all mankind. You will get over that. May be used to believe that if you and others like you only worked hard enough, the good days would come whereof the old prophets sang, when the wilderness should blossom as the rose. Bah! How you will come to sneer at that thought, after awhile. How all the bright hopes, the golden aspirations, the sweet enthusiasms of your young days will vanish like white blossoms at winter time, leaving you a cold, bitter cynic. You cannot help it. Well, the sooner it happens the better. All your affectionate, generous, hopeful nature must wither away, before you can be sufficient unto your place. Fit yourself, therefore, speedily into your iron ring. Revolve round and round in it year after year, till by-and-by the wooden machine shall give out all at once, and must be lifted from its grooves to make room for a newer one. But long before this you will become pale and jaded and weary, and long for rest. You will not [illegible] vacation you and your friends should visit a distant city for a brief respite, expect to have some literary puppy bark at you in the daily newspapers "as a deputation of old maids in search of husbands." It will not be strange if you be very indifferent at last as to whether people think well or ill of you, even bearing it with sarcastic quietness when a bachelor school-director of the age of seventy-five, with the asthma, a cracked treble voice, a half million of property, and cross as an old cat, thumps on the floor with his cane, pokes his eye-glass over his nose, and, glaring at a class of gaping five year olds, squeaks at them to "elucidate the law of Roman numerals." (A fact.) The idea of an old bachelor's being a school trustee, anyhow! Perhaps you have no natural adaptedness to your work, and detest school-teaching. It's all the same. A woman who works for her living, has no right to consult her own wishes. There is nothing left for you but this hated occupation or starving. But how much harder will then be the task of fitting yourself to you Procustean bedstead. How it will destroy you, mind and body, this ceaseless, desperate struggle of forcing and driving yourself up to a labor which you hate worse than death. I knew a woman once who would have far rather preferred starving than school-teaching, had the former been equally respectable. She disliked exceedingly that harshness and authority which she was sometimes obliged to use, and shrank instinctively from contact with rude, unrefined people. But she put an iron clamp upon her natural tastes and wishes, and chained herself down to the detested thralldom, year after year. She is insane now. In her dreams she is again a teacher, and night after night starts up from her sleep in terror, haunted by visions of frightful scenes which always take place within the walls of her old hated horror, the school-room. It is nothing, however. The sanity or insanity of one woman is such a small matter, you know, when there are so many of them. That is it. So many hundreds and thousands of poor creatures elbowing and jostling each other for the miserable pittance doled out to them at the hands of insolent, purse-proud school boards. Women must be kept down. They will cease to feel their dependent condition else. They must not be paid for their work as men are. It will never do. What if you are the hard-tasked underling of some pompous, strutting principal, with three times your salary and one-third of your work? Complain and be told that if your place does not suit you, there are plenty whom it will suit. That is the bitter root of the evil. So many of us poor women.

There is a moral to my long-winded homily. It would not have been read to you else. I wish that every girl from Maine to California who looks forward to earning her own living would pay heed to it. It is this: DO NOT TEACH SCHOOL. There are other ways of keeping the wolf from the door. It is women who ought to be the drug and dry-goods' clerks, the type setters, the telegraphic operators, the book-keepers, the photographers, and fifty other things they may be if they will. Mrs. Stowe mentions architecture and landscape gardening. And why not? Cannot a woman plan houses for women to live in as well as a man?

Young lady, you can do anything you want to do if you have but a stout heart and a strong will. Show these snarling philosophers that there are not too many women in the world. Drive out the soft-headed, effeminate men who measure off ribbon and lace up ladies' boots. Send them to the mighty West, to the mines, among the great undeveloped resources of civilization, where kindly Nature calls loudly for muscle and brawn, aye, calls for manhood too. Take the place of these puny dandies, and prove by punctuality, by correctness, by dependableness, that a woman can transact business. So shall you thin the ranks of your suffering sisterhood who knock at the closed doors of school committees. So shall you bring their profession and themselves into respect, making light their hearts and heavy their purses. If there be any good, honorable thing which you feel in your heart you can accomplish better than another, though it be to study medicine or speak in public, do it without fear, for that is the work God has given you, your divine calling, only do it bravely and well. Do it well, I say. Let there be no half work. For then men will say: That's what you might expect from a woman. Let no man ever say that of you. Go on in your own chosen way, doing with your might what your hand findeth.

But never teach school. ZIG.

Albanian Shepherd Dogs.

When one comes to consider how the shepherds are situated, one cannot wonder that they prize their four-footed allies so highly. Without them the wolves, jackals, and foxes would very soon leave the shepherd a Flemish account of his flock; and yet, under the guardianship of these fine dogs, I don't think the denizens of the jungle often get a taste of mutton, even in the lambing season. I have seen a whole flock of sheep, with their young lambs, left in the middle of a jungle solely and entirely in charge of these dogs—perhaps twelve or fifteen dogs guarding two hundred sheep; and well they reward the trust reposed in them. They post themselves at various distances, forming a circle round their charge; and woe betide the stranger, be he man or beast, that dares to molest them. I remember on one occasion watching one hoary patriarch in particular, sitting at his post, the very picture of an old fellow who had pursued his dog-path through life uprightly and fearlessly. The scars and cuts and marks about his noble head spoke of many a bloody battle, of many a hard-fought field. He seemed, while he sat thinking, as if his mind had wandered back to the adventures of his past life. He was disturbed from his reverie by a little lamb staggering up to him and falling against his shaggy side. He turned his great head round and looked at the little beast, licking his old chops as much as to say, "I should like awfully to eat you, but I am in honor bound to defend you;" and, to avoid temptation, he got up and stalked away.—*Kavanagh's "Cruise of R. Y. S., 'Eea.'"*

☞ To some men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it they would be worth nothing.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

This great public benefaction, we are happy to learn, is still fulfilling its mission of relief, and alleviating many of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. Its domain is the wide, wide world, and wherever a Yankee has set his foot, may be found doing its work. Its virtues have been so thoroughly tested, that it needs no lengthy recommendation to secure it to the public confidence. It is empathatically a household remedy, and if kept on hand and used as occasion may require, will save much suffering, besides very sensibly diminishing the expenses for medical attendance.—*Providence, R. I. Weekly Times.* jan13-2t

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Salt-rheum, Scald-head, all Skin Diseases. Price 50 cents. By mail 60 cents. Prepared by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. dec2-new

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,18. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market is dull. Sales 9000 bbls at $7,50@8 for superfine; $8,50@9,25 for extras—the latter for choice Ohio; $9,75@9,50 for spring wheat family—chiefly at $9, 9,50@10 50 for red Wheat do, and $11,50@12,50 ₱ bbl for white Wheat family and fancy brands. Rye Flour; sales at $6 ₱ bbl. Of Buckwheat Meal sales are reported at $4,75 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is very little prime Wheat offering; sales reach 20,000 bus at $2@2,35 for common and choice reds; spring Wheat at $1,75@2, and white at from $2 25 to 2,75. Rye is selling at from 95c to $1.05 for Delaware and Penna. Corn; sales 45,000 bus at 82@83c for new yellow, and old Corn at 89c for prime yellow. Oats; sales 24,000 bus at 50@52c for Delaware and Penna.

PROVISIONS—Sales of the Hog product continue light. Dressed Hogs are selling at $12@12¼ the 100 lbs. New Mess Pork is offered at $30@30½, old do at $27@28, and Western and city Mess Beef at $13@20 ₱ bbl. Beef Hams sell at $37@39 ₱ bbl. Green Meats—Sales at 16¼@18½c for pickled Hams, and 13@13½c for Shoulders. Lard is quiet at 19@20c for tcs, and 20@21c for kegs. Butter moves off at 35@40c for good to prime packed and roll, and 42@45c for choice lots. Cheese is quiet at 17@20c ₱ lb. Eggs are quoted at 35@36c ₱ doz.

COTTON—Sales reach about 800 bales, at from 62 to 54c for low and good middlings.

BARK—Quercitron—1st No. 1 finds ready sale at $32½ ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is steady.

BEESWAX is quoted at 46@48c ₱ lb.

COAL—Business continues pretty much at a standstill. Sales at $3@3 ₱ ton, on board, at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is quiet. Sales at 29@30c currency, for Rio.

FEATHERS are selling at 75@80c for western.

FRUIT sells slowly at $5@6 for Green Apples, and $10@14 ₱ bbl for Cranberries. Of Dried Fruit the sales are at 12@15c for Apples and 18@35c for Peaches, the latter for pared.

HAY continues steady at $14@18 ₱ ton.

HOPS—Sales at 35@45c for old and new crop.

IRON—There is very little Pig Metal offering, ranging at $45@50 for Forge, and $51@52 for Foundry.

OILS—We quote Petroleum at 38@39c for Crude, and 61@63c for refined in bond.

PLASTER is quiet at $4¼ ₱ ton.

SEEDS—There is less demand for prime Cloverseed, and sales range at $7,75@8,25. Flaxseed is selling at $3,18@3, 22 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—N E. Rum sells at $2,50@2,55. Whiskey—Sales at $2,30@2,28.

TALLOW ranges at 13@13½c for country and 13¼@13¾c for city rendered.

WOOL—Sales 300,000 lbs at 50@52c for common, 59@62c for quarter and half, 65@68c for medium, and 70@72c for fine fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 16½@17½c ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $70 to 70 ₱ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6¼@8 cts ₱ lb. 1500 Hogs sold at from $12,50@14,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

FACTS vs. THEORIES.

"Give me a place to rest my lever on," says Archimedes, "and I will move the world." "Give me pure and unadulterated drugs," says Medicis, of the olden time, "and I will cure disease."

In one sense, both of these learned pundits were the veriest charlatans. They knew there was no place to rest their levers on, either to move the world or to cure disease. Mechanism was in a backward state, and the medical profession was but another name for sorcery and all the adjuncts of magic filters and charms against the effect of "evil eye, &c."

But these latter days have borne unto us something more than even superstition and its crew ever dreamt of in their maddest philosophy. In these days of practical science, what was theory of yesterday is fact to-day, and all the old-time notions become as bubbles in the sun, and burst and break with every breath we draw.

Let Archimedes shoulder his lever and we will find a resting-place for it to move the world. Let mine ancient Medicus pant and toil no more for the drugs he so sorely needs, for we have them at our hand, ready to serve them at his beck.

Refined in the laboratory of Dr. Maggiel, the finest materials known in the medical profession are obtainable by any one. His Billious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhea Pills stand unrivalled, and his Salve operates with magic effect upon burns, scalds, and all sores and ulcers of the skin.

In fact, we think Maggiel's Pills and Salve are the wonder of this century, and we are happy in the thought that many others of our brethren of the craft agree with us. We would earnestly counsel that all families provide themselves with Dr. Maggiel's Preparations at once, and keep them ready at hand, so as to use them at the most opportune time and as occasion serves.—*Valley Sentinel.*

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HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

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Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for
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Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 198 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $26. aug26-cow10t

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."—The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. Maggiel's Billous, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhea Pills cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, Maggiel's Salve is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists for 25 cts per box. Sold by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, Philadelphia, sole agents for the State of Pennsylvania. oct28-tf

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Facts that should be known. *Coughs, colds, asthma.* How frequently have we not heard people exclaim, "I would give $10, $50 or $100 (as the case may be) were I but rid of this cough—this cold—this asthma, &c." Yet how preposterous it is to talk in this style—granted, even that they have consulted medical men, without success, that does not imply that they are incurable—else would thousands, abandoned as past hope, be left to the harrowing tortures of despair—the question lies in this, have they tried Holloway's Pills and Ointment, have they read, or put in practice the plain directions enveloping each box or pot—if not, we urge an immediate trial and feel assured they will find the cure they are so anxious for.

Sold by all Druggists.

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. jan6-17t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of Dec., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. JOHN CARPER to Miss SOPHIA ENDERBOCK, both of this city.

On the 6th of Dec., by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. WILLIAM W. BELL to Miss SARAH J. KIMES, both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. HAWORTH HARGRAVES to Miss ANNIE HOGAN, both of Frankford, Pa.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. GEORGE W. CRAWFORD to Miss ELLEN WILEY, both of this city.

On the 28th of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. BENJAMIN SNYDER to Miss SALLIE D. CRAWFORD, both of this city.

On the 4th of Aug., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. EDWIN R. HILLS to ADDIE, daughter of Wm. A. Glader, Esq., both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. JOHN D. FRISMUTH to Miss LIZZIE GESELER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th of Dec., 1865, at Monongahela City, Washington Co., Pa., of diptheria, after a short illness, LIZZIE MAY, only daughter of Frank and Jennie Morgan, aged 4 years, 8 months and 17 days. Brief as has been her sojourn on earth this lovely child lived long enough to give promise of uncommon excellence, and to entwine herself by cords of undying affection around the hearts of her now mourning parents and grand-parents. Painful as the stroke must be to them, we trust that they will be consoled by the reflection that their loss is her eternal gain.

Fond memory mourns her swift decay!
The bud, how precious in our eyes!
The lovely flower has passed away
To bloom in fields beyond the skies.
W. R. S.

On the 2d instant, BARTON GREEN, in his 37th year.

On the 2d instant, Mr. LEWIS CUNNINGHAM, in his 37th year.

On the 2d instant, ELIZABETH BENNER, in her 84th year.

On the 1st instant, BENJAMIN FISHER, Sr., in his 76th year.

On the 1st instant, DANIEL S. DAVIS, in his 59th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ISABELLA SPENCE, in her 64th year.

On the 31st of Dec., Mrs. MARY A. FULLER, aged 32 years.

On the 31st of Dec., THOMAS HICKEY, in his 50th year.

On the 30th of Dec., MARGARET W. CURTIS, in her 51st year.

On the 29th of Dec., LUCY S., wife of Richard Thompson, in her 31st year.

One of the prettiest of Christmas customs is the Norwegian practice of giving on Christmas Day a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway and barn-door is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a long pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasants will contrive to have a handful set by for this purpose, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas Day remains for them to finish at their leisure through the winter.

☞ The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The January number of this beautiful magazine is a magnificent one. The leading steel engraving, "The Forest Gleaner," is a perfect gem of beauty. We do not know where the publishers of the Lady's Friend get such beautiful designs for their engravings. Then we have a gorgeous colored plate. "The Hand Banner Screen in Chenille on Velvet," which the ladies say is magnificent. The large double colored Steel Fashion Plate is as usual superb—we had almost said unequalled. Another engraving, called "Stephen Wharton's Will," which illustrates a fine story, is very suggestive. Then we have a beautiful plate of Children Skating, intended to illustrate the winter styles of children's clothing; with numerous other plates illustrating Hair Nets, Winter Dresses, Borders for Jackets, various new styles of Bonnets, Winter Casaques, Paletots, Jackets, Embroidery, Chemises, Night Dress, Ancient Head-Dresses, Patchwork, &c., &c.

The literary matter is excellent. Among the articles, we note "Stephen Wharton's Will," "Mrs. Trunk," by Frances Lee; "Paul's Story, or French Lessons;" "Clarice," by August Bell; "The Two Nightingales," "Stories of our Village," by Beatrice Colonna; "In Illness," by Florence Percy; "Rachel Dana's Legacy," by H. A. Heydon; "Arthur's Wife," "Loving Mary," Editor's Department, The Fashions, Household Receipts, &c. The following is the list of

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY:

STEEL PLATE—THE FOREST GLEANER.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
HAND BANNER SCREEN IN CHENILLE ON VELVET.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Stephen Wharton's Will—Children's Winter Coats—Net, with Orelot's of Wax Beads—Border for a Jacket, Burnous, &c.—Winter Dress for a Little Girl—Handkerchief Vignette.
MUSIC—Ferguson's Polka.
STEPHEN WHARTON'S WILL.
CHILDHOOD. By Sybil Pane.
"PEACE." By Emilie Lester Leigh.
MRS. TRUNK. By Frances Lee.
MY PILLOW AND I. By Marcia Hope.
SUMMER RAIN. By S. Fillmore Bennett.
"A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE." By Leslie Walter.
SONG. By Beatrice Colonna.
PAUL'S STORY; OR, FRENCH LESSONS. By Tracy Towne.
CLARICE. By August Bell.
THE TWO NIGHTINGALES. By Aubrey Fornestier.
PRAYER. By Edwin R. Martin.
THE INSPIRATION OF WINTER.
STORIES OF OUR VILLAGE. By Beatrice Colonna.
IN ILLNESS. By Florence Percy.
LINES. By Ida Mason.
RACHEL DANA'S LEGACY. By H. A. Heydon.
TWILIGHT MUSINGS. By Aunt Alice.
LOVING MARY. By Jennie Temple.
ARTHUR'S WIFE.
NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
New Publications.
Miscellaneous Receipts.
Fashions—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. The Prospectus of this magazine for next year embodies a splendid list of contributors. The publishers give WHEELER & WILSON'S celebrated $55 Sewing Machines on the following terms:

Twenty copies and the Sewing Machine,	$70
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$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

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Which, in the first stages of a cold, acts like magic—Headache, Hoarseness, Diphtheria, and Bronchitis, Sore Eyes, Deafness, Bad Taste and Smell, being the result of Catarrh. This snuff removes and prevents all these, and insures a healthy Head. Its effects are pleasant and safe, even for infants who suffer from Snuffles.

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Wholesale, by D. BARNES & CO., 21 Park Row, New York. dec2-cow3m

WONDERFUL! STRANGE!—Full instructions by which a person can master the art of VENTRILOQUISM in a few hours, and make a world of fun and a fortune. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. jan13-4t

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AMERICAN BELL COMPANY'S STEEL COMPOSITION AND BRONZE METAL BELLS.

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The following is a copy of the certificate of the Board of Managers of the *American Institute* in response to the Report of the Committee of Judges on Bells:

No. 269.

G. M. This is to certify, that a GOLD MEDAL was awarded the AMERICAN BELL COMPANY for STEEL COMPOSITION AND BRONZE METAL BELLS, with Harrison's Rotating Hanging apparatus.

(Signed) JOHN W. CHAMBERS,
Secretary Board of Managers.

American Institute,
New York, Oct. 23d, 1865.

This is the highest commendation ever given by the American Institute to any Bell Founder in the United States.

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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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1865. FALL. 1865.

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THE CULTIVATOR AND COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
LUTHER TUCKER & SON,
ALBANY, NEW YORK.

A New Volume of this Journal commences with January 1, 1866. "Standing at THE HEAD of the Agricultural Press of the Country," as the *Maine Farmer* says,—the Publishers are convinced that its merits only need to be more widely known, in order to DOUBLE its present VERY EXTENSIVE CIRCULATION. To that end they have determined to offer FREE COPIES for the remainder of the current year *to any persons who either enclose their subscriptions for* 1866, *or indicate their intention to subscribe at that time.*

The Cultivator and Country Gentleman supplies 832 large quarto pages in the course of the year. Its corps of contributors is very large, embracing every State in the Union; and the *Gardeners' Monthly* lately said of its editorial management, that it is "Conducted with a degree of talent equal to any European Journal, and SUPERIOR TO MOST of them." It contains Departments for

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Stock Breeder and Wool Grower,
Dairyman, Poultry Keeper and Apiarist,
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Illustrations are freely employed wherever they can be made to elucidate the subjects treated, and the comprehensive nature of its design is such as to suit it equally well to ALL latitudes and localities in which IMPROVED FARMING is sought for.

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One Copy, one year,	$2.50
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Fifteen Copies, *and one free to the sender of the List*,	30.00

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$1500 PER YEAR!—We want agents everywhere to sell our improved $20 Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The only machines sold in United States for less than $40, which are *fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder.* All other cheap machines are *infringements!* Circulars *free*. Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, Biddeford, Maine, or at No. 823 Broadway, New York; No. 236 Carter St., Philadelphia, Pa.; No. 14 Lombard's Block, Chicago, Ill.; No. 170 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.; or No. 8 Spaulding's Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y. dec16-3m

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Philadelphia, Aug. 25, 1865. sep16-tf

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Surgeon-Artist to the Medical College and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to

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CHESTNUT ST.,
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PREMIER ARTISTE
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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

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While the attention of the enemy is fully

ENGAGED BY GRANT,

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CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

which is accomplishing wonders in the way of beautifying heads that age or sickness, or capricious nature had disfigured with unsightly hues. Milton says truly that

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Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

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Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

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WHOSE TIMELY USE, UNDER PROVIDENCE, HAS OFTEN SAVED LIFE.

These celebrated Vegetable Pills are no new, untried remedy; they have been used and tested in the United States for thirty years, and are relied upon by hundreds of thousands of families as almost their sole medicine when sick. No care or expense is spared in their preparation, and it is certainly true when I assert that no King can have a medicine safer or surer than Brandreth's Pills.

They produce a good effect upon disease almost immediately they are taken. By some wonderful power, perhaps electric or nervous influence, the progress of diseased action is arrested; where watchfulness and pain have been present, the system becomes quieter, and the patient soon obtains refreshing sleep.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

"One for his Nob."

Mr. Fields (Ticknor & Fields, the well-known Boston publishers) is known for his wonderful memory and knowledge of English literature. It is said, that when any author in the neighborhood is at a loss for any particular passage, he goes at once down to the "book-store" for the desired information. One day, at a dinner-party, a would-be wit, thinking to puzzle Mr. Fields, and make sport for the company, announced, prior to Mr. Fields's arrival, that he had himself written some poetry, and intended to submit it to Mr. Fields as Southey's. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were seated, he began, "Friend Fields, I have been a good deal exercised of late trying to find out in Southey's poems his well-known lines, running thus—(repeating the lines he had composed)—can you tell us about what time he wrote them?" "I do not remember to have met with them before," replied Mr. Fields; "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him." "When were those?" gleefully asked the witty questioner. "Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles, and cutting his first teeth, or near the close of his life, when his brain had softened, and he had fallen into idiotcy. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the expression clearly betrays the idiotic one.' The questioner smiled faintly, but the company roared.

Scientific Music.

Alex attended church last Sabbath, where they have *scientific* (quartette) *singing*, and was surprised at the difference between scientific singing and that he has been accustomed to in the backwoods. He brought me a specimen of the style, which he copied from the original:

Waw-kaw, swaw daw aw raw,
Thaw saw thaw law aw waw;
Waw-kaw taw thaw raw vaw yaw braw
Aw thaw raw-jaw saw awa.

Which, rendered into English, reads as follows:

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

Alex says that in the country they are green enough to think it necessary for good singing that the words of the hymn should be sung. How very verdant!

Punctuation.

There ought always to be a point to a joke, but sometimes there is a joke to the point. A gentleman, sometime back, was sick, and was informed by his physician that there was an obstruction in his colon. "I hope I won't lose half of it," said the joker, "for I should think a semi-colon in me would be improperly placed." The doctor informed him that there was no danger of that. "Very well," he rejoined, "pray put a period to it but don't make a full stop of me." The doctor at first made an interrogation point, and when the thing flashed on him an exclamation, which was increased when a third party observed that the joke, though not very good, was rather an uncomma-on. A similar case gave rise to a variation of this which was funny. A doctor had said that A had inflammation of his colon. B called to inquire after A's health, and what was the nature of his disease. His landlady, of whom inquiry was made, replied she didn't exactly know, but she believed his punctuation was out of order.

The following story is told of the Rev. Dr. Morse:—At an association dinner, a debate arose as to the use of the rod in bringing up children. The Doctor took the affirmative, and the chief opponent was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me, was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the Doctor, "it cured you of it, didn't it?"

An English Inheritance.—The late Mr. Cobden used to tell the following anecdote: "When in America," said he, "I asked an enthusiastic American lady why her country could not rest satisfied with the immense unoccupied territories it already possessed, but must ever be hankering after the lands of its neighbors, when her somewhat remarkable reply was, 'Oh, the propensity is a very bad one, I admit, but we came honestly by it, for we inherited it from England.'"

Consolation.—During a marriage ceremony, the bride was sobbing immoderately while the knot was being tied. "What is the matter, my young woman?" asked the official. "Oh, sir," replied the bride, "it's because it's for ever." "No, no," rejoined the parson; "that's a mistake. It's not for ever. Death puts an end to the engagement." On hearing this the bride dried her tears, and was consoled.

Ear for Music.—Two Irishmen crossing a field came in contact with a donkey who was making "day hideous" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment; but turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked: "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat, but sure he's got an awful cowld."

Liberty.—A Frenchman one day saw a gentleman walk up to an open snuff-box in the hands of another, and take a pinch of snuff, having prefaced the act with the words, "May I take the liberty?" On the next day the Frenchman went into a tobacco-shop, and asked for half an ounce of liberty.

Dubious Praise.—A little boy having been much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman observed, when children were so keen in their youth, they are generally stupid and dull as they advance in years. "What a very sensible boy you must have been, sir, then!" replied the child.

The principal of an academy gave a pupil, who was an aspirant for the situation of school teacher a certificate, which said, "This young man is capable of filling any position for which he is qualified."

A Good chorus for a man who has to sleep in the fields.—"Too-rural! Too-rural! Too-rural-I-lay."

AN AGREEABLE ACCIDENT.

Captain Pippa, taking advantage of the frost, skates, and falls, quite accidentally (?), into the arms of Miss Julietta de Ploverwing! [Papa looms in the distance.

HEAD AND HEART.

"Heart," quoth Head, "thou'rt ever fretting,
Panting evermore,
Beating like a netted linnet
'Gainst its prison door.
Say, how can I give thee quiet,
All thy troubles say,
For this never-ceasing riot
Wears my peace away."

"Head," said Heart, "I'm very weary,
Living all alone,
Dwelling, like a sculptured maiden,
In a vault of stone.
Choose me some heart that will listen
To love's gentle lore;
Laugh and weep with, aye be near me,
Leave me nevermore.

"Heart," said Head, "I've cast about me,
Guessing at thy state,
Ransacked all the world of maidens
For thy fitting mate.
And, like hawk in air, I circle,
Watching how the shrike
Fears his victim, while I hover,
Doubtful where to strike.

"Now 'tis dark-eyed Leonora
I would win for thee,
Now 'tis thought of light-eyed Alice
Softly stirs in me.
So, like Mahomet, I waver
In the realm of love;
Shall I cage the soaring eagle,
Or the gentle dove?

"Juno-like is Leonora
In her haughty mien,
Flashing pride, and scorn and passion
Like the Ethiop queen.
Queen is she by beauty's birthright,
Cold as distant star,
Conqueror-like, with trains of captives
Following her car.

"But the simple-nurtured Alice
Comes like summer morn,
With a zephyr herald stirring
Fields of bladed corn.
Dewy-fresh, with softened sunlight
In her guileless eye,
Trustful, truthful, daisy-natured
Born to love or die."

"Head," said Heart, "with Leonora
Pain would come, and grief,
Pride and coldness soon would sere me
Like a winter leaf.
But with Alice twined about me
All my woes would cease,
And a wail of trouble never
More should cloud my peace." J. R.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hens.

If it is not actually hen-pecking us—this putting on the price of poultry, thirty, to thirty-eight cents per pound, and chickens still looking up, it is certainly very like picking pockets. But then as we will have chickens all along about the Christmas holidays every year, no matter if the price should run up among the fifties, perhaps we shall earn a word or two of thanks from those who intend to raise that line of poultry for the market, by offering a sentence or two of advice upon the hen question.

If early spring chickens—extra early, and unusually fine ones is your ambition, operate with half-a-dozen Brahmas. Cold weather don't bother them a mite. Properly fed, they will lay every day the coldest weather we ever have in this country. You may set them as early as you please, the young chicks endure the cold like an Arctic fox, and then they are born fat, and you can keep them so till you kill them, with a very little trouble.

If eggs regularly through the whole fall and winter is the determination, select as the stock the black Hamburgh. You can seldom make mothers of them, but they are everlasting layers. If you care for them kindly, and feed judiciously so as not to fatten, three dozen Hamburghs will average you two and a half dozen eggs per day, ten months out of the twelve, until their fourth year. After that kill them, and call on the young Biddy Hamburghs for eggs.

The Hamburgh fowl does not lay nearly so large an egg as the Spanish or Shanghae. But what of that? You do not sell eggs by weight or measure. For that branch of the trade the Hamburghs are *the* birds, decidedly.

For late spring, summer, and all through the fall chickens, the Dorkings are preferable to all other kinds. They weigh heavily, fat easily, "make up" handsomely for market, and are more delicate in flesh than any other member of the hen family.

During all the warm seasons of the year hens will take care of themselves very cleverly if left a free range, and are fed occasionally so that they shall always remember "there is no place like home." But during the winter hens require considerable care, and the proper kind of care too, or it is all wasted.

Any one can keep five dozen fowls, provided he or she has the proper place to keep them, with immense profits compared with capital invested. Going above that number, profits decrease rapidly from causes inevitable in all over-extensive poultry-practice, and at thirty dozen, the proprietor will find his hen investment a ruinous speculation. There may be, under a combination of favorable circumstances, infrequent exceptions, but such is the general rule. Our opinion, founded upon a protracted experience, is that five dozen hens, intended for the production of either eggs or chickens, is just about the common-sense standard—ten dozen the extreme limit, unless one owns a whole western prairie, and colonizes his hens in small tribes.

We are not among the believers in fancy henneries and patent fixtures for practical purposes. Give the biddies a plain, comfortable, old-fashioned house, with a door and two windows facing the South, have the house well chinked and battened to keep out the cold in winter, well ventilated in warm weather—feed regularly, twice a day, from November till May, but do not overfeed if you would have hens lay. Vary the feed—giving, as a general diet, very coarsely-ground corn scalded and wet up with sour milk, whole corn, say three meals a week, buckwheat and oats occasionally—throw into the hen house all tags, bits and scraps of fresh or salt meat and fish, pound up bones fine for a daily nibble, mix lime ashes and sand, and give the hens plenty of it to wallow in at will, give them round pole perches to roost on, and exercise out-doors every favorable day, and the hens will pay promptly for such considerations.

One of the Wants.

One of the wants most universal, not only among farmers, but with all classes of the practical community everywhere in this country, has been and still is, a sure, easy, simple, cheap and reliable method of tanning or dressing all sorts of skins of animals, either wild or domestic, so as to make them available for the hundred purposes that in a dressed condition they are valuable—in a raw state, worthless.

Somewhere about fifteen years ago we remember some liberal, or perhaps scheming Eastern gentleman, offered a prize of $500 for a reliable method of dressing all sorts of skins for all sorts of purposes, either with the hair or fur on or off. But the offer brought forth nothing so far as we ever heard. But more recently a Western leather manufacturer, a practical man, has discovered the desideratum, simplified it to a universal utility standard, protected the invention by letters patent, and sells the right to individuals or families, with directions for dressing all sorts of fur skins—rats, raccoons or buffalo robes, belt leather, morocco, kid leather, kid for ladies fine gloves and slippers, buckskin for gloves and mittens, sheep and lamb skins with the wool on, and the finest kind of *chamois*, for the moderate sum of $5, sending with each book of instructions full patterns for men's and women's gloves and mittens.

We sometime since purchased the right for the purpose of experimenting and testing its real merits. The result of our experiments is a conviction that the merits of the methods are considerably greater than the patentee claims for them. The process is simple and expeditious, and the expense trifling. It is the very thing required by a great many thousands of our farmers, farmer's boys, wives and daughters, mechanics, hunters and trappers all over the country. It will afford a rather pleasant occupation for the cold days and long evenings of winter, and thousands of nice hearth rugs, carriage and sleigh robes, sets of furs from mink, muskrat and squirrel skins, can be manufactured at home, looking equally as well, actually a great deal better, and costing five-times less than the same articles can be purchased for, besides utilizing a great variety of skins that otherwise would be utterly valueless.

We do not expect to ever tan or dress ten skins in our lives, but we would not sell the knowledge we have purchased for $5, for fifty times five and be without it. If the right were ours we would scatter it broad cast gratuitously, as we have our tomato seed, but as it is not, we do the next best thing we can—advise as many as shall read, to remit $5 to Geo. W. Hatch, Princeton, Bureau county, Illinois, and purchase right and instructions for dressing their own furs, skins, leather, and making their own gloves and mittens.

Water-proof for Winter.

Nothing has ever yet been discovered—we do not believe there ever will be anything, equal to simple, pure hog's lard, for making boots and shoes soft, pliable, and perfectly water-proof.

During winter, use the lard alone, in warm weather melt with it about a sixth-part good beef tallow. Soften the lard by warming until it is quite liquid, but not hot. Rub on with a spong or woolen rag smartly, having first dampened the boot or shoe by soaking slightly or sponging. When the first coat has set in, lay on the second one, and so put on and dry in four coats, and one or two more than that on the soles in the course of an evening. There will be no greasing of stockings, no leakage, the boots and shoes will remain soft and pliant, and do twice the usual service.

Horse Feeding.

Experiments have shown that the best way to feed carrots to horses, is in conjunction with oats. Alone, carrots are not as good as oats alone, but in conjunction, they are better than each fed separately. If you are in the habit of feeding four quarts of oats to a mess, give two of oats and two of sliced carrots, and the result will be more satisfactory than if each were fed separately.

Wheat Exports.

The exports of wheat from the port of New York from January 1 to September 12th, 1864, were 10,998,797 bushels; in the whole of 1865, only 1,646,864 bushels.

Corn for Stock.

The New York Farmer's Club—always good authority for everybody everywhere, by a recent decision have declared that corn at any price it has brought in the New York market of late years, is the cheapest stock feed that can be procured.

Tested in water, if eggs are good they rest upon the side. If one floats end up, you may be sure of a bad egg.

The English Agricultural journals are urging upon English farmers the American factory system of cheese making.

The Aroostook farmers have raised a large amount of flax this year, and a flax dressing mill is being built to fit it for market.

A cubic yard of farm-yard dung weighs one ton on the average, if made in cattle boxes; if in the yard, it weighs a fourth less.

Weather Prognostics.

The latest intelligence from the down-Delaware Muskrat Convention, is a *pronunciamento* of the rats in favor of an open, mild winter and a forward spring. Muskrats miss it sometimes. However, we shall see.

Sensible, Certainly.

A New Hampshire farmer has discovered that his orchard in which his sheep were pastured was free from borers, and other noxious insects, and very thrifty, while an adjoining orchard, in which no sheep were allowed, was neither thrifty nor exempt from these borers and insects. He thinks the presence and odor of the sheep drive off the insects.

A mammoth cabbage, weighing thirty pounds, was recently sent to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, by Hon. J. F. Driggs, of Saginaw, Michigan.

RECEIPTS.

Selected.

Meat Cakes.—Chop any kind of fresh cold meats, very finely, season with salt and pepper, make a nice batter; lay a spoonful of the batter on the griddle, which must be buttered to prevent its sticking, then a spoonful of the chopped meat, and then a spoonful of the batter; when browned on one side turn carefully and brown the other. It makes a palatable breakfast dish. Serve hot.

Terrapins Stewed.—Take six live terrapins, have ready a large pot of boiling water with two tablespoonfuls of salt thrown in, and while boiling put in the terrapins; let them boil steadily for two hours and a half, then take them out and set to cool. When quite cold separate the shells, remove the heads and the galls with care, chop up the chitterlings, take off the nails from the paws, with the hard skin, put all the edible parts which have been removed from the shells in a stew-pan, then cut up and add a quarter of a pound of butter, a tablespoonful of mixed allspice and cloves pounded very finely, a little salt, and then rub with a little flour the yolk of four hard-boiled eggs; stir this into the terrapins, chop up finely and add the whites; set this on a very hot place to warm slowly, stirring it all the time. Let it simmer, or rather cook ten minutes, then add a pint and a half of good cooking wine, and let this simmer five minutes more, and serve hot in a tureen.

To Fringe Celery for Garnishing.—Take the outer thick white and green stalks, cut them about a finger's length, then select a good large new cork, stick it full of coarse needles, and carefully draw each piece of celery over the cork, leaving at the end about an inch of the celery stick to remain unfringed; when all the fibrous parts are separated, lay the celery for a couple of hours in cold water to curl and crisp. This is a beautiful garnish for salads, if laid on thickly.

To Make Sauce for Chicken Salad.—Take the yolk of one hard-boiled egg and rub it very finely with a little pepper and salt, and mix this with the yolk of one raw egg, and then stir in gently salad oil enough to make as much sauce as you require, taking care to stir the sauce all one way or it will curdle; when you think you have enough sauce add two tablespoonsful of vinegar, a teaspoonful of mustard, and a little cream, pour this over the chickens (which must be cut into small pieces) with two or three heads of celery cut up; fringe a little of the celery to garnish the dish with. The same sauce may be served with boiled chicken, and is better than any other.

Dressing for Chicken Salad.—Take five teaspoonsful of the best English dry mustard, four yolks of eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, a very little cayenne, beat this well together to a rich froth or cream, then add slowly a large spoonful of fresh olive oil, this must be again beaten. Take the white meat of three boiled chickens, cut it up finely and on it squeeze the juice of three fresh lemons. Mix it well through the meat, and when served add the dressing above. Garnish it with finely fringed celery.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 48 letters.
My 9, 1, 42, 13, 5, 29, 32, 13, 42, 34, 30, 40, 39, we should all do about my whole.
My 33, 22, 26, 27, 14, 7, 3, 35, let each reader ask him or herself.
My 6, 8, 12, 10, 11, 15, 20, 21, 25, 24, applies to all who can answer the above.
My 45, 2, 42, 23, 19, 38, 43, 16, 4, 28, 31, 34, 48, awaits all.
My 36, 37, 17, 18, 47, 44, 45, 46, 3, 30, is joy untold. MAUD.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
My 4, 3, 1, is a name applied to a horse.
My 5, 3, 1, is a child's play.
My 2, 3, 1, is a part of a piece of cloth.
My 2, 3, 5, is a filthy animal.
My 4, 3, 5, is a boy's nickname.
My whole is the name of one of our great men. H.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first means magnificent.
My second is a small insect.
My third is to make a mistake.
My whole is a near relative. M. W.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in sun, but not in moon.
My second is in late, but not in soon.
My third is in old, but not in new.
My fourth is in many, but not in few.
My fifth is in tune, but not in song.
My sixth is in narrow, but not in long.
My seventh is in tin, but not in lead.
My eighth is in alive, but not in dead.
My ninth is in red, but not in pink.
My tenth is in other, but not in mink.
My whole is the name of an important battle-field of the "Great Rebellion." S. H. G.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in robber, but not in thief.
My second is in happiness, also in grief.
My third is in damp, but not in wet.
My fourth is in credit, also in debt.
My fifth is in gloomy, but not in drear,
My sixth is in cheap, also in dear.
My whole is sometimes very queer.
Robbinsville. LEON SINGLETON.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The longitude of the capitol at Washington from Greenwich is 77 degs. 1 min. 30 secs. When it is half-past three, P. M., at Greenwich observatory, what o'clock is it at the capitol in Washington? MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A regular heptagon is inscribed in a circle. Two persons draw each a diagonal at random. Required—the probability that the diagonals will intersect. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What weight will be necessary to rend asunder a square piece of beech, the sides being 10 inches? JAMES M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to arrange the numbers from 1 to 49 inclusive, in the form of a square, so that when they are added perpendicularly, horizontally and diagonally they shall amount to the same sum. S. HORACE G.
Cincinnati, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why cannot a girl named Mary express herself in simple language? Ans.—Because her words are necessarily Polly's syllables (polysyllables)

☞ What is that which when "thrown out," may be caught without hands? Ans.—A hint.

☞ Why is a prudent man like a pin? Ans.—Because his head prevents him from going too far.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—No excellence without great labor. ENIGMA—Qui transtulit sustinet. CHARADE—Cornelian (Corn—eel—Ann.) DOUBLE REBUS—Maine, Texas, (Mahomet, axe, Ibex, Nubia, Euphrates.)

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of Nov. 18th—12.7 and 1.27 diameters. J. M. Greenwood and Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Morgan Stevens, Nov. 18th—14.4 seconds. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's of Nov. 25th—73.9 square rods radius—J. M. Greenwood and Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Morgan Stevens, same date—248.4884 tons. M. Stevens and J. M. Greenwood.

The Mile and the Mile-Stone.—At an evening party, Jerrold was looking at the dancers. Seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with a remarkably short lady, he said to a friend, "Humph! there's the mile dancing with the mile-stone."